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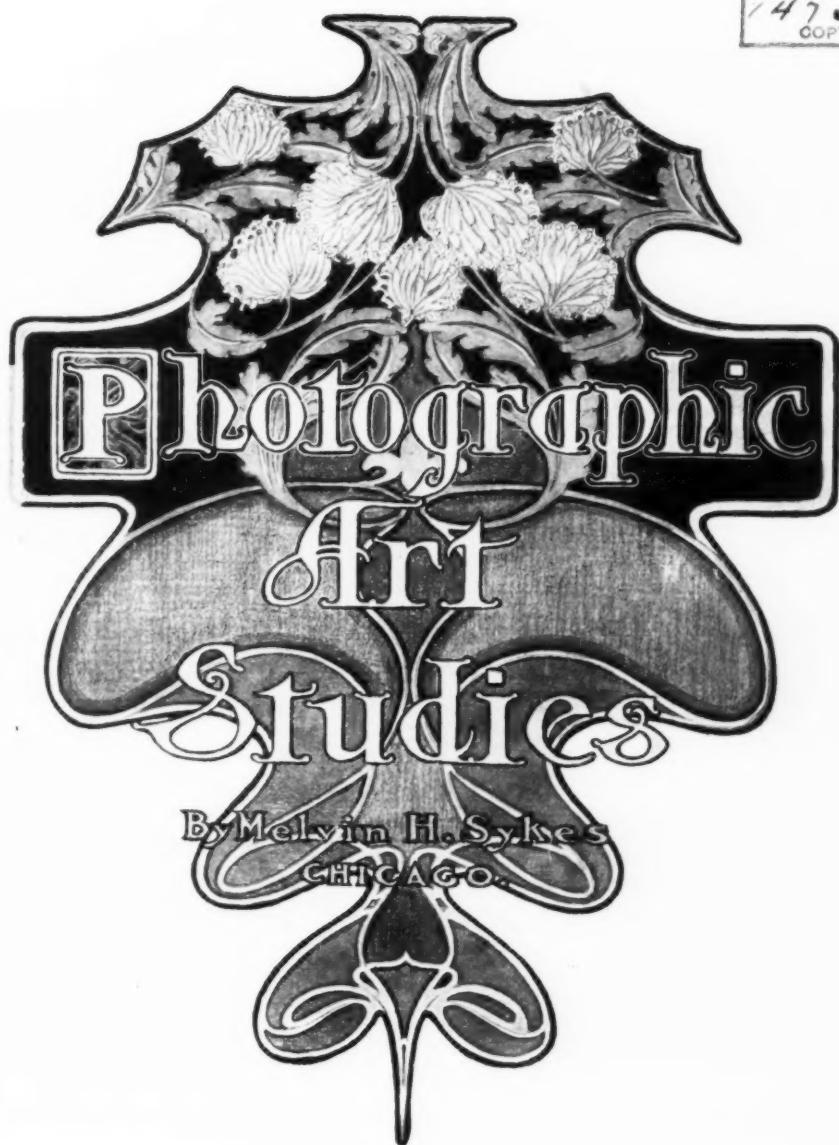
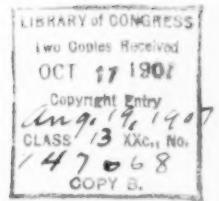
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MISS EDITH ST. CLAIR



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"What have I told you about that swearing?"

See "Of The Stature of a Man"

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Vol. X

November, 1907

No. 1

## Of the Stature of a Man

BY ROSELLE M. DAVIS

Author of "The Pearl of Bayamon," etc.

A HUDDLED little figure in a white cotton shirt sat on the big flat rock beneath the old stone arch-bridge of San Fernando, and disconsolately cast pebbles at a flock of brown ducks fishing in the shallow water along the margin of the Rio Pampanga. The flat rock was the place where the *cascoes* had been used to moor but there were no *cascoes* now; the men were all away fighting against the *Americanos*.

The figure kicked its two brown little feet in the water that tinkled about the base of the rock and with an exceedingly great longing wished two wishes. In the first place, the figure, whose real name, by the way, was Pablo Valmazon, wished that its stature had been greater last night by some dozen or more of inches. If this had been so Pablo Valmazon would now have a man's place in the events which were preparing somewhere in the rice-fields across the river.

And in the second place, Pablo wished he might be possessed of a bright, new, Mauser rifle, with cross-belts and pouches stuffed with cartridges. If this were so he would go out and fight the big, blue shirted men who were swarming up from the south. Thus would he show the strutting ones who clicked the bolts of their rifles, and fingered the clips of shiny shells, the while they laughed at one for pleading to be allowed to go out and have a part in the fighting.

On the evening of the day before there had been much sound of guns at Santo

Tomas, to the south, and even had the little steel-coated bullets of the invaders spatted against the walls of the palace and the great silver-church whose fame was also the fame of San Fernando.

All through the early hours of the night litters and *carabao*-carts had strung into town and out, bearing men grievously wounded and many dead. The wounded, such as were not too badly hurt, had been loaded onto cars and hauled away toward Angeles by a wheezy little locomotive, which was suffering from a bullet-wound in its steamchest, through which the motive power was oozing almost as fast as the life-blood from the human wrecks on the cars behind.

The dead were laid in the aisles of the silver-church, from which willing hands had torn the silver lining and carried it to a hiding-place in an old sugar-mill some seventeen hundred meters north of the town. Then with his own hand General Luna had applied the torch that made of the grand-old church the funeral pyre of so many of his followers.

Pablo had begged that he be given a gun from the stores brought in from the field of Santo Tomas. He would go out and fight the big blue-shirted men and they should not make him afraid.

Gruff brown men from Zambales and La Union had pulled the cigarettes from their lips to advise him to put his feet into action and be far from town by morning. The cowards! They were following their own advice. Even the heroic

General Luna had ordered that the town be abandoned and burned; the *presidente*, Aguinaldo, had concurred; and the last train out of the town bore away the property and officials of the *República Filipina*, and now Tarlac was the capital, and the glory of San Fernando was faded for all time.

Through all the soft darkness of that May night the terror-stricken populace poured out of the town northward and in the gray of dawn the broken battalions of the army followed the people, leaving a paltry half-thousand men as a rear guard to hold in check the army which they said would come with the rising sun.

Pablo had disdained to fly, but as daylight came on he had made some slight concession to prudence and concealed himself in a sugar-warehouse not far from the pottery kiln that stood on the bank of the river.

This pottery kiln was in the hands of a company of Zambales men, the terrible "Bon Venigri." The *Americanos* who dared the crossing in the face of these had their work cut out for them. Pablo determined to see this fight.

Dawn passed, and sunrise, but the blue-shirts did not come. Pablo crept from his hiding-place and sought the company of the Bon Venigri. Scouts came in saying that the *Americanos* were cooking their morning-meal and seemed in no hurry to move. The Bon Venigri produced rice and fish and curry and had breakfast as well. Pablo mingled with the warriors and was fed, even while the men were advising him to *vamos*: to disappear before his fate overtook him. Pablo scorned the advice and begged a cigaret. The things he said about the *Americanos* pleased the Bon Venigri and amused them greatly. Truly Pablo was without fear.

Morning passed and midday came, but still no foes. The Bon Venigri stretched themselves and hoped the *Americanos* had not been stricken with fear. The five hundred had chosen their positions well, with the idea of a stubborn fight. It might chance that the terrible blue-shirts would find that there were crossings which could not be crossed, after all.

Ah! If only Zambales men had held the iron-sheathed trenches at Calumpit things would have gone differently indeed. What a thing for Zambales if a puny band of her brave sons should check the advance of the *Americanos*, before which the skulking Tagals had fled for seventy kilometers.

Pablo tired of the talk and rising, peered over the crest of the kiln. He could see far into the rice-fields across the Pampanga. There were no *Americanos* in sight. The thought struck him to inspect the positions of the other companies, and he sauntered down the road that skirts the river-bank until he came to the bridge at the corner of the *plaza* of the church.

From the middle of the bridge he took note of the canoes strung across the river at the bend just above the bridge. In the canoes the men were squatting on their heels, smoking while they waited for the enemy. The rifles lying across the gunwales were the only evidence that all was not as peaceful as the dreamiest soul could wish.

The sun was warm on the bridge and the water looked inviting, so Pablo crossed over, clambered down the bank and crept out on the flat rock that jutted from the pier just clear of the water. It was cool here and the wavelets lapped at his toes as he kicked them in the stream.

He wished he had a gun. The old arch would be a beautiful place from which to shoot a few blue-shirts. Why was he not just a little bigger, so the men would give him a gun? When he did get big he meant to be a general and he would fight—fight always, and not run at night, as General Luna did. General Luna was brave, to be sure, but the trouble with him was that he did not fight hard enough. Always at night the *Americanos* slept in the trenches where he had been while he led his men to new positions farther to the rear.

Ah, Pablo. Not for you to know, as did those of "the other side," the despairing figure of General Luna, storming along the field, trying with the flat of his saber to beat some of his own unflinching courage into the hearts of his



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The old stone arch-bridge of San Fernando

shaken soldiery. And we, who might, with the pressure of a finger, have given him the soldier's death he sought there on the field of Santo Tomas: we stayed our hands because we loved his gallantry, and he went back with his men to Tarlac, there to fall in the street under the knives of assassins in the pay of a jealous rival. Peace to his ashes. A better cause would have blazoned high the name of Luna.

Pablo would never retreat. Not while blood ran in his veins which might be shed. Always he would—

What was that? Surely, not guns. That weak little pop, pop was very different from the sound guns made. And yet—somewhere—some time—oh, yes. Now he remembered. It was yesterday, and that sound, he had been told, was made by guns at Santo Tomas. The *Americanos* were coming at last. How the thought made his heart jump and the funniest feeling attacked his knees.

Nearer and nearer grew the popping and at last came three or four smashing bangs! much louder than the popping of the Mausers and more like the sound guns are commonly supposed to make. It was all very clear to Pablo now. He had heard it said that the *Americanos* were of two kinds: One called "regu-

lars," whose regiments had numbers instead of names and whose guns were very like the Mauser. The other kind were called *voluntarios* and their regiments had names, as did the Bon Venigri. These carried guns which made a terrific noise and shot bullets as large as one's thumb. It must be that it was with these the scouts were now fighting.

Overhead something suddenly went *hsh-s-s-sh* and Pablo flattened himself against the pier. He was not afraid, but since the men would not give him a gun what need was there of exposing himself? Besides, he felt safer down here and could watch the men in the canoes when they began firing. Already they had stopped smoking and were peering out through the bamboos, trying to see something of what was going on in the fields beyond.

Then a single scout came running through the rice-fields, turning as he gained the river-bank to fire all five shots in his rifle before he leaped into the water. It seemed to Pablo that the answering shot was almost as near as was the scout. The men in the canoes crouched in their places, fingering the bolts of their rifles, and hitching their belts around to bring their ammunition nearer to their

hands. Up at the pottery-kiln the rifles of the Bon Venigri burst into a crackling riot. One after another the scouts came running, each pausing as he reached the river to empty his magazine in the direction of that smashing, crashing noise which Pablo could not see. Then they leaped far into the stream and wading, swimming, they dashed across, scrambled up the bank, and ran for cover.

Pablo's heart was pounding fearfully now and there was a strange, chilly feeling in his stomach, exactly as if it had a huge lump of something very cold in it. The men in the canoes began firing, and the sputter of their rifles added to the whirlwind of din that has put the fear of death into the hearts of men older in years and experience than was Pablo.

The air was filled with a strange lisping—a whispering roar like rain in the palms at night, and the noise was deafening, terrifying.

And then it came.

A great billow of dun-white smoke foamed up in the bamboos that fringed the river-bank, and the noise beat on one's eardrums like the blows of a hammer. The smoke suddenly became alive with men—great, fierce men with blue shirts and flashing rifles. Up from the ground they seemed to spring—dozens, hundreds, millions of them—and at their coming the men in the canoes threw away their guns and leaped wildly into the water, scattering every way for safety, anywhere to escape those murderous rifles.

As the white men began plunging into the river, the sickening fear that had held the boy gave place to panic, and with a scream of terror he sprang into the stream and swam madly for the other shore. In the haze of smoke he looked no whit different from the scores of native soldiers who were flying before the Americans, and just as he pulled his panting body up the bank a keen-eyed officer shouted, "Stop that man!"

A sergeant threw up his rifle, and in an instant little Pablo lay on the ground, his left arm shattered by the heavy Springfield ball.

"Why, it's only a kid," cried the sergeant who had shot him, as he bent over the boy. "Here, somebody, quick! Give

me a 'first-aid' package! God! I had no idea I was killing a child."

A surgeon, coming up, took the work of mercy from the men who were trying, clumsily but gently, to bind up the shattered arm. He completed the task, called a stretcher, and sent the boy to the temporary hospital.

"It's only a broken arm," said the surgeon. "He'll live, all right."

"Thank God," said the sergeant. "I've no mind to be killing the kids."

"You couldn't tell," said the surgeon. "It was no fault of yours."

"No, sir," replied the sergeant, "but there's a heap of difference between shooting a man who is shooting at you and shooting a shaver like that one."

Pass now a period of some five months, and behold the boy, still no taller than the stacking-swivel of a Krag-Jorgensen, healed as to the arm, mounted on a biscuit-box surrounded by a delighted circle of applauding soldiery, singing in shrill falsetto:

*"Yo no tengo tabaca; no tengo papel;*

*Yo no tengo dinero; — — — it to — —!"*

Through the throng about the box pushed a straight-backed, cat-footed sergeant who, approaching from the rear, seized the ballad-monger by the collar of his only garment while the audience howled.

"Ah-h, you little ruffian. What have I told you about that swearing? You'll corrupt the morals of this whole brigade. Come along with me till I fill your mouth with *'Merican* soap. Don't wriggle, you limb."

Pablo was not wriggling with any semblance of earnestness or he would have left the sergeant, like Potiphar's wife of old, holding the garment. Once clear of the crowd he took confidently hold of the sergeant's hand and trudged silently along watching the road-dust wrinkle between his toes.

Finally the sergeant looked down at the boy and said, half-whimsically:

"Pablo, my *hombre*, you're getting to be altogether too big a handful for a weakling like me. It's the big town for you, and the *escuela para los niños*. How'd that strike you, eh? Go down to



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDHEY

Pablo lay on the ground, his left arm shattered

Manila to school and learn to sing 'Sunshine, Bright Sunshine,' and 'The Bar-Strangled Spanner,' instead of your touching little tobacco ditty?"

Pablo's face twisted up into something very like a cry.

"Oh, *sargento mio!* Have I then so much displeased you that you will send me away to the *escuela*? I polish all your brass and do very much work about your *casa*; and never will I sing the *tabaca* song that you do not like if only you will not send me away."

Then, struck by a thought of exceeding brilliancy:

"*Señor Sargento*, if only I may stay I

will go among the men for their *washee* and all the money will I bring to you. *Tres, cinco pesos* every week if only you will not send me away."

The sergeant laughed, but there was a catch in his throat.

"Fire burn your money. *Compañero*, I am not angry with you, and it is going to hurt me as much as you to have you gone; but, *hombre*, here it is: *Poco tiempo* I'll be hiking across country after some of your misguided countrymen and I can't take you with me and there'll be no place to leave you. You mustn't be left to run wild with the monkeys.

"I can walk, *señor*," put in Pablo.

"Wont do," said the sergeant. "No, my man, I don't see anything for it but Manila and the school for yours."

Pablo swallowed hard at a lump in his throat and diplomatically changed the subject.

"See, *señor*, the Macabebe battalion coming in from a scout."

The little brown men, clean and proud in new khaki and *American* shoes, swung past, making indeed a pretty show, their speckless carbines glinting in the sun. Officered by men who had won their spurs in the earlier days of the insurrection, and possessed of sufficient good horse-sense to make due allowance for the childlike nature of their men, the Macabebe battalion was rapidly making a name for itself as a keeper of the peace in a land where *ladrony*—highway-robbery—was looked upon as a profession.

"By Jove," mused the sergeant. "Got it now. *Hombre*, how'd you like to be a *soldado*? Like those chaps out there. Maybe a *sarjento*, eh?"

"*Muy bueno*. Very well indeed, *señor*. But would I then have to go away to the *escuela*?"

"Only just long enough to learn to read and write tolerable English—and grow a foot or two."

"And would I then be a *sarjento*, truly?"

"My word for it, if you'll go down to Manila and study hard while you grow."

"Then I will go, *señor*, said Pablo. "But—" again that lump. "But who will wash your mess-tins when I am away. Will you get another *muchacho* after I am gone?"

"Now the saints hear me, *compañero*; I'll wash my own mess-kit, and I wont have any other kiddie near me. Why, didn't I shoot you, and so aint you my *hombre*?"

And Pablo was, in a measure, comforted, for was it not a fact that when one had been shot did not one's claim become so much more binding? And the sergeant had been a never-failing fountain-head from which had sprung all manner of good gifts, even to the matter of trousers, which one always longed to possess because of the gentility implied by such possession, though they were far

too warm for wear save on saints' days. But then, one does not expect to be comfortable on saints' days.

So Pablo went down to Manila to school. The sergeant laid out a month's pay on him, and his new khaki suit was an exact replica of the uniform of the Macabebe battalion.

"Because," said the sergeant, "you are to remember that you are to be *un gran soldado*."

And Pablo gulped down that lump again and went bravely.

And bravely he studied in the months that followed. Teachers in that school marveled at the eagerness that held the boy to his books. Holidays were not for him days of play and cigarettes but days whereon he visited the quarters of the troops and watched with all-seeing eyes everything that pertained to camp or field or parade. His uniform he kept spotless, always ready for inspection.

At the end of a year he won a vacation, and proudly he boarded a train that drew out from the Tondo station northward for San Fernando and Angeles. His head would have overtopped the muzzle of the Krag-Jorgensen now, so quickly do boys become men under that torrid sun, and he was wildly impatient to have his sergeant set the seal of his approval on his efforts of the year past.

When his train reached San Fernando, Pablo leaped down and eagerly inquired of the first soldier he could reach in the throng about the station for news of his sergeant. That one did not even know Pablo's sergeant, and the boy passed on, filled with contempt for a man who did not know the great ones of the land. At length he learned that the regiment he sought was at Tarlac, "on the line." The train was moving as he scrambled to his place again to carry his search to Tarlac.

The day was far spent when he reached his journey's end, but Pablo set out at once upon his quest. Inquiry developed the fact that 'the line' was a matter of five miles up-country, and the town was humming with news of a fight even then in progress.

Filled only with the thought that he could not rest until he had found his beloved sergeant, Pablo procured a lunch,



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Two miles out of Tarlac he met a train of bull-carts moving slowly down the road

which he ate as he walked, and started north in the direction of the "line," that unstable landmark where he would find his sergeant.

Two miles out of Tarlac he met a train of bull-carts moving slowly down the road. On each cart were lashed two rigid forms in blue shirts and khaki trousers. Behind the carts came a long, long line of stretchers swung on the shoulders of stalwart Chinese coolies, each stretcher burdened with a sorely wounded man; and behind these yet other men, bandaged as to head or limb, staggered weakly on. It was the ghastly back-flow from a battlefield—the price we pay for victory. There is glory on the field itself, where men walk boldly up in the face of the whimpering deaths, but in this hideous ebb from the crest of the fight is naught but blackest tragedy.

On the flanks of this pitiful column strode the unsung heroes of the hospital-corps, their red cross brassards gleaming in the evening-sun, and first-aid pouches flapping limply. They walked with holster flaps tucked in, one eye on their

charges for signs of an opening wound, the other keeping jealous watch for the possible ambuscade.

As the carts came on Pablo turned out of the road, glancing casually at the faces on each as it passed. Suddenly, he gave a gasping cry and sprang to the side of a cart, gazing with horror at a figure that swayed and lurched to the jolting of the clumsy wheels.

It was—he could not be mistaken—it was his *sargento*, and the face smiled up at him even through the blood from a bullet-hole in the forehead.

Pablo turned and stumbled blindly along behind the lumbering cart. He was dumb, dazed, stricken to the very soul of him. Never in all his little life had he known a parent's love or a kindly word until this smiling giant had shot him through the arm and afterward nursed him back to a life wherein had been neither blows nor slavery. And now, that smiling, blood-marked face there on the cart—that was his sergeant, and in the dusk the grinning coolies would heave the thumping clods upon it.

Pablo fought for breath like a drowning man and in his heart welled up a torrent of rage against the ones who had slain the man he worshiped. He did not know it, but in the time he followed that cart back into the town a great change came over the boy. He seemed to grow—taller and broader—and lines appeared in the boyish face which gave him the look of a man twice his age.

He slept that night on a new-made grave, and in the morning he came to the Macabebe battalion. His worn-out uniform was sacredly stored in the bottom of his barrack-chest and he, in clean, new khaki, snapped down his shiny carbine and answered promptly "Here," when at

roll-call the sergeant called, "Valmazon."

His schooling of the months past stood him in good stead now. He was no raw recruit but a trained soldier, and as such he took his place in the ranks. The sharp-eyed lieutenant of his company looked satisfactorily over his newest acquisition and nodded his head. There was the fire and the purpose there and the face was more than ordinarily intelligent. It was good.

So Pablo was come to man's estate and to the life for which he had been destined. Not yet a *sargento*, but ready, by the memory of the smiling face upon that bloody cart, to carve his chevrons from the brown of the first insurgent rush he met.

## Exit—Memory

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Author of "The Stuff of Dreams," etc.

**B**UT whatever shall I do if he wakes up and cries!"

"Sure he'll not be cryin' at all. 'Tis the timper iv a saint he has, the darlint! Juist don't ye bounce him around till the slape is out iv his eyes and a better baby ye couldn't have! There now—"

Mrs. Milligan laid the baby upon Mary's bed with motherly pride.

"Look ye at that, now! Don't ye be a bit nervous, Miss Mary. Sure ye'll juist be like the other ledgies—they went into fits about Patsy, they did that!"

"He looks lovely asleep," agreed Mary, "but when he wakes up what do you do to—to play with him?"

"Would ye mane on the piannafort?" questioned Mrs. Milligan blankly.

"No, I mean: how do you amuse him—keep him quiet, you know?"

Mrs. Milligan turned up her eyes.

"Niver at all do I amuse him," she asserted, "and don't ye do it, Miss Mary, or 'tis a spoilt child he'll be entirely. If ye should have a peppermint handy, now, he's that fond iv peppermint! 'Tis a taste he gets from Milligan—sure himself was a terrible wan for peppermint!"

Mrs. Milligan raised the corner of the paper parcel she carried and delicately

wiped away a tear. In Mrs. Milligan's circle it is considered proper to pay this tribute of respect during the first six months of widowhood.

Mary felt embarrassed. She knew that this was the point where condolence should be offered but, as is often the case in these emotional crises, she could think of nothing that seemed at all appropriate.

Mrs. Milligan sighed, then she sniffed.

"I am sure you must have felt dreadfully!" said Mary hastily.

"What can the loikes of ye know about ut?" said Mrs. Milligan darkly. But having received her due of sympathy she wiped the other eye with the other end of the parcel and cheered up.

"It's me mind that's aisy this day," she continued in a cheerful tone, as she turned from the door to cast an approving glance at Mary. "Sure, some iv the young ledgies were that flighty, but—"

"But I am past my flighty days, you mean," said Mary, smiling. She was not overly sensitive about her thirty years.

"Niver a bit, miss! 'Twas what I mint but I never would have said ut—'tis cliver ye are!" she added admiringly as she closed the door.

Mary laughed; then she remembered

the baby and stopped laughing. If he should wake up! He was a pretty rosy baby. Mary found herself looking at him with shy admiration not untinged with awe. He lay with one little fat hand under his head, his round face slightly flushed, and the little curls on his forehead damp; the other hand was thrown back, its soft little palm half opened in the utter abandonment of sleep. Mary felt suddenly that it must be quite nice to kiss a baby like that. But if he should wake up! She decided not to kiss him.

It was annoying to be afraid of a baby! If he found it out she would be at his mercy, so it was necessary that he should not find it out. Mary set her lips in a very determined fashion. It was absurd to be afraid, anyway—what the other girls had done she could do! Nevertheless, she hoped he would stay asleep for a while yet. She pulled down the blind, fixed it so that the breeze could not blow it, and, seeing the postman coming, ran eagerly to forestall his knock. Not that her agitation was necessary, for in Patsy's dreamland a postman's knock, however furious, would have been neither here nor there.

Mary, closing the door gently, took her letters on the step and the postman grinned knowingly. He had his own way of accounting for her haste and flurry.

"I was afraid you might wake the baby," Mary condescended to explain to the smile.

"Sure—yes!" The postman agreed indulgently but his smile broadened as he walked away. He hadn't carried the mail to Sydenham Terrace for a year without knowing where the babies lived! "Baby—nit," said this impolite postman to himself.

What the postman did not know was that Mary was a Willing Worker and that the Willing Workers had taken a baby on shares. It happened in this way.

Up until a month ago the Willing Workers had dwelt in outer darkness, their object in life being to provide dramatic entertainments, the proceeds of which they bestowed in gracious groceries upon the poor. But Mrs. Wilson-Sears had changed all that. Since her address before the club a month ago the Willing

Workers had seen the light and sought after the better part in sackcloth and ashes.

It took them just five minutes to agree with Mrs. Wilson-Sears; it was too plain that they had been wrong in their conception of true charity. True charity, they learned, does not consist in groceries but in the cheerful giving of one's self for the help of one's fellowman! (In the case of a girls' club, of course, fellowwoman.) In true charity it is not necessary to give dramatic entertainments, however delightful; it is necessary, rather, to get in touch with those we wish to serve—to find out the deepest need of the poor and satisfy that. One can hardly imagine groceries as a deepest need!

The Willing Workers had begun with Mrs. Milligan. "Himself" had been dead three months and Mrs. Milligan was in straits. A committee had called and, failing to find out in any other way, had asked Mrs. Milligan what her deepest need might be. Her answer had been sudden and staggering.

"Somewan to kape Patsy, the darlint, whilst Oi'm out at me work."

The Willing Workers thought that the committee must have misunderstood, but it was not so; no other need, deep or shallow, could Mrs. Milligan think of. So the club, true to its new light, took over the baby on the instalment plan: every girl in turn a half-a-day, and the mother to come and feed him at noon.

The postman did not know this. He thought that Mary was disturbed about a certain letter—a letter in a rather large, square envelope unlike any Mary was in the habit of receiving. It only goes to show that even postmen don't know as much as they think they do.

Perhaps it was that foolish smile of the postman that made Mary feel angry as she opened the letter. It was addressed in Mr. Kent's handwriting and she had no reason to be angry with Mr. Kent—rather the contrary, indeed. Mary and Mr. Kent were good friends. She could hardly imagine what he had found to write about, but it was certain to be something nice. She read:

DEAR MISS VAN HOY:

You will be surprised to hear from me,



DRAWN BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

"Some wan to kape Paddy, the darlin'"

but I have suddenly found myself unable to postpone what I want to say to you until I see you again.

For the two years I have known you I have said to myself daily, "Do not speak yet; be patient a little longer. But now, quite without warning, I seem to have come to the end of all patience. I must ask you my question and hear your answer.

Mary gave a sharp little exclamation.

I think you must know I have loved you from the first. I have not spoken, because I was afraid! You must have guessed what you were to me, but you gave me no reason to hope that your feeling for me was more than frank liking. But, Mary, even if it is only that, must I lose you? Will you not marry me, Mary, my dear—even if you do

not love me quite as I love you. Why, indeed, should you love me; I fear I am not lovable—

"Oh, dear me!" said Mary in distress. But if you will trust me I will try to make you happy—and I promise you that you shall be happy—"

The letter broke off abruptly. It was not even signed. Mary observed the omission with a smile—half tender.

"He forgot—how very like him!" she murmured. But the smile ended in a sigh.

She returned the letter to its envelope thoughtfully. Not that she needed to think over her answer; there could be but one—she was sincerely sorry. She

liked Arnold Kemp and knew quite well the worth of the love she was giving up, so it is quite possible that half of the sigh was for herself.

Yet with no perceptible hesitation she sat down at her desk and wrote:

DEAR MR. KEMP:

I am afraid I must tell you that you were right in regard to my feeling for you. You have my very warm friendship—but I have nothing else to give. I could not marry you without giving more; you would not be content, nor would I.

Perhaps you ought to know that before I met you I was engaged to marry a man whom I loved very dearly. I have not seen him for five years; I never expect to see him again. But I have not forgotten, and the memory makes it quite impossible for me to be your wife.

May we not continue friends. I should miss your friendship for, speaking frankly, it has been one of the pleasantest of my life.

Mary sighed again as she read the short note over but she signed her name firmly and without hesitation.

"I suppose I am a fool," she said half aloud as she slipped it into its envelope. "I know I am a fool," she repeated with deepening conviction. Then she looked gloomily around for her hat—better post the letter at once and have it over.

"Mama!" called a shrill, imperative voice from the bedroom.

Mary started and dropped the envelope—she had quite forgotten the baby!

"Ma—ma, oh!"

It was a long wail this time, implying that prompt attention would oblige. Mary forgot the hat, the necessity for posting the letter, everything but the immediate problem which confronted her—the baby was awake!

The baby was sitting up on the bed sucking a meditative thumb. His eyes were blinky with sleep but his expression and attitude were full of a fine reserve. True, during the past month he had become accustomed to almost every style of Willing Worker, but one never can tell! He was clearly on the defensive.

"Darling," cooed Mary nervously, "did it wake up from its by-by—will it turn to Mary then?"

The baby removed the thumb-stopper from its mouth with a startling pop.

"No!" he announced decisively; and replaced the stopper.

This was alarming, but Mary was not to be intimidated. She came a little nearer. Her voice was insinuating.

"Dear 'ittle Patsy! Would Patsy like to tum and see Mary's 'ittle tittens?'"

The thumb came out more slowly and there seemed the beginning of a delighted smile. He made a gracious gesture with his fat arms.

"Pat dot big cat!" he announced kindly.

"Oh, you darling thing!" cried Mary sitting on the bed and hugging him. "Aren't you just the cutest! And how plainly you can talk. Mary didn't dream you could talk. Tell Mary about the big cat—do!"

"Big cat—home," said Patsy.

But he was plainly delighted with her appreciation and submitted to her hugging as well as he was able. The other Willing Workers had not been clever enough to think of kittens!

When both Patsy and the kittens were exhausted and the mother-cat thoroughly exasperated, Mary, still practicing the wisdom of the serpent, provided a nice fat slice of bread and butter with sugar on it. This was nothing short of an inspiration, and by the time the last crumb had disappeared all hostility was at an end.

"Patsy will be a good boy and play now," said Mary, putting him gently down. It was apparent, she thought, that the "slape was out iv his eyes" by this time and the opportunity for the display of the "timper iv a saint" had come.

Patsy's lip quivered. Had he been mistaken after all? Not so had the other Willing Workers treated him! It was so long since he had "played wid himself" that he had forgotten how.

Mary saw the quiver but turned resolutely away. That letter! Her reply had surely been a little curt—she would write another, a kinder one. She pulled the paper toward her and began, "My dear friend—"

A sharp tug at her dress disturbed her. Patsy was there, smiling angelically.

"Run away and play," said Mary firmly. The baby leaned confidently upon her knee.

"Pat go out?" he inquired in his coo-

ing voice. He knew that for some unexplained reason this plea seldom failed him. Mary put down her book. She remembered that babies ought to go out. It is necessary to their health. "Good food, fresh air, plenty of water," she remembered reading it in a book.

"Would you like some water?" she asked the astonished Patsy suddenly.

"No," said Patsy. He had inherited a distaste for water. "Pat go out."

"I suppose he really ought," thought Mary. But she glanced at Patsy's go-cart on the back veranda and shuddered. She couldn't take him out in that!

Then, with a flash of inspiration she remembered the old baby-buggy in the store-room. It had belonged to little Helen Van Hoyt, Mary's cousin. It was not the very latest style, but Mary had often thought it pretty and graceful. In this, with the white lawn sofa-pillow behind him and the dotted-muslin dresser-cover for a buggy-robe, the baby might look quite nice. His bonnet was not bad, neither was his spring-coat—proof that other Willing Workers had faced the problem of Patsy's going out.

It was with a thrill of pride that she surveyed her charge when all was ready. A really heavenly baby was Patsy, soft and plump and deliciously tinted on curving cheek and dimpled hand. Mrs. Milligan had informed Mary that he was the living image of "himsilf" and himself was "juist that hansom as niver was!" Altogether, when Mary and the baby at last achieved the street, their joint appearance was so creditable that she felt a justifiable elation. She hoped that she would meet some of the other Willing Workers that they might be compelled to display the envy she felt her due.

"We will go to the park, Patsy," she said, "and we'll pretend that you are Mary's little brother and Mary will take you out and let you run around."

Patsy nodded. He was agreeable. The past month had made him quite an adept at this game. The Willing Workers seemed to have a mania for pretending that he was anyone but just plain Patsy Milligan. But Patsy was not disturbed. He had a sure grip on his ego.

And now Mary had time to think; even the careful steering of the buggy, which seemed determined to go sideways, could not prevent her from thinking—and thought in the springtime had come to be somewhat of a burden to Mary. The soft airs, the scents, the whole wonderful miracle had once been part of a miracle so much more wonderful that now to remember meant sadness. In spite of a stubborn optimism her heart persisted in echoing Christine Rossetti's words:

Oh! last year green things were greener,  
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

Besides there was that letter! Why had Arnold Kent felt it necessary to propose to her? They had been such good friends—and she knew well enough that they could never be quite the same to each other again. She liked him so much, he could give her so much—just the things she longed for most! She gave the side-slipping buggy an irritable jerk. It was just because he could give everything that she could not accept and give nothing in return; for to give herself without her love would be to give nothing. She had no pleasant illusions upon that score.

She sighed. Of course it had been necessary to refuse him—yet. It seemed hardly fair that a Memory should claim so much. She had given her youth, her first freshness of beauty, her first freshness of love—now the Memory demanded more. As it had taken her past so it would take her future. It was not fair. And yet—oh, what a beautiful Memory! The soft tears rose in Mary's eyes—could anything the world might give be as beautiful as the thing withheld!

They were in the park now and Patsy's trance of content began to be broken up. He thought that perhaps in the character of little brother it might be safe to demand candy—the past month had been a peppermint paradise for Patsy. He couldn't say candy; it was one of the words which as yet persisted in escaping him. But he knew how to look it and act it and, in cases of extreme stupidity, scream it. Mary was not stupid, and she had also not forgotten to provide the candy, and truth compels me to state that



DRAWN BY J. H. E. MARCHAND

Coming down the walk toward her—the Memory

it was while engaged in peeling off a particularly sticky bit of paper, under pressure, that she looked up and saw coming down the walk toward her—the Memory!

Mary was never quite sure how she felt at that moment. She was inclined to believe that she did not feel at all. If there was any sensation it was one of surpassing stickiness—otherwise it was more like a cessation of feeling. There was a sudden shock, a moment in which the world seemed to shatter and reform and then—the Memory raised his hat.

Mary, still conscious only of stickiness, shook hands with him.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Collings," she said and, although she had not eaten any of the candy, her throat seemed glued up and her voice seemed an emanation of stickiness.

"This is indeed a pleasure!" said Mr. Collings.

His voice was very deep—with emotion probably, and he did not offer to drop her hand. Mary wondered if her fingers were sticking to his glove. She gave them a little pull. Mr. Collings, noting the movement, smiled sadly. He was one of the very few persons who can do it. Then, as if unable to conquer an impulse, he turned and walked beside her.

"I did not know that you were in the city," said Mary. It seemed a stupid thing to say.

"For a day or two only," he replied. "I did not expect to have the joy of meeting you. I thought that you, too, lived here no longer."

How could he speak so, Mary wondered; had he said "pleasure," she would have inferred that he meant "joy;" but when he said "joy" it seemed out of place. She herself could have got no further than a remark about the weather. Unconsciously, she had quickened her steps.

"Can you not spare me a few moments?" said Mr. Collings.

There was gentle reproach in his voice and—gracious!—there was a bit of sticky paper hanging to his glove. Mary forced back hysterical laughter with a great effort and sat down at once upon

the bench he indicated. The paralysis of feeling had quite passed now, but it had left her in the grip of an overwhelming shyness. Her habitual self-control seemed to have deserted her and, furious with herself, she sat quite still struggling to regain it and determined not to speak until she had.

Mr. Collings arranged himself comfortably upon the bench with his arm along the back of it. Mary remembered the position.

"I did not know," he said—there was subdued feeling in his voice—"I did not know—you did not tell me—." He made a comprehensive gesture with his free hand somewhere in the direction of Patsy and the baby-buggy. Mary, still fighting her battle for self-control, could see no sense in either the words or the gesture.

"Why," he persisted gently, "did you not tell me you were married?"

"Why?" said Mary, startled into speech but still bewildered, "why—why should I?"

"I don't know—I thought you might perhaps have wished me to know. Had I not the right to know, Mary?"

"I really don't see that you had," said Mary instantly, answering the question in the abstract and with instinctive self-defense. She felt more like herself now and the color was coming back to her face. He thought her married—well, she would undeceive him—soon. But how could he dream that she would have married—he deserved some punishment for that! She would not undeceive him yet. She smiled at Patsy.

"A fine little fellow," said Mr. Collings in a more cheerful voice. "Two years old, I should judge. My oldest is just three, but large, very large for his age."

"What!"

"Very large for his age. Many people have mistaken him for four. But two is a sweet age. My little girl is almost two—as sweet an age as there is, I think."

Mary was quite white but she was no longer flurried.

"An exceedingly sweet age," she said.

Mr. Collings was observing her with a sentimental eye.

"You have not changed, Mary," he said. "You—you have not changed."



DRAWN BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

How sweet little babies are!

"I have changed very much indeed," said Mary briskly.

"I do not see the change," said Mr. Collings with perceptible emphasis on the "I" and the "see."

Mary leaned forward and carefully adjusted Patsy's bonnet which was obscuring his left eye.

"A sweet child," said Mr. Collings again. "What is his name?"

"Patsy," said Mary.

Mr. Collings looked surprised.

"And your — his — other name?" he inquired delicately.

"Milligan," said Mary calmly.

Mr. Collings actually started.

"Patsy—Mil—Milligan, did you say?"

he stammered. "A very pretty child," he finished lamely.

"His father, bless him, was juist so hansom as niver was," said Mary, smiling at Patsy.

"Oh—the brogue! You are cultivating it?" he inferred politely.

Mary turned to him with her bright smile.

"I find it useful—in finding out people's deepest needs," she said, "and Patsy, being a Milligan, likes it. Your oldest is four did you say—or three?"

"Three in June, but many have mistaken him for four, he is so large! The baby, I think, will be like him but one can hardly tell yet; he is only two

months old. The little girl will soon be two; she is not so large for her age. We—we call her Mary."

Mr. Collings' voice shook from excess of feeling. Mary strangled a mild desire to laugh.

"I suppose you never thought of naming the baby—John?" he went on. There was bitterness in his tone.

"No, I never did," said Mary.

"You were angry?" he asked relentlessly. "You felt you could not forgive?"

"There was nothing to forgive. You went away because you had to."

"Yes, of course. The *pater* wouldn't hear of anything else. He would simply have cut me off, you know."

Mary was silent for a moment. When she spoke her tone was flippant.

"I thought it was your father who was going to be cut off—you told me it would kill him, didn't you, if you disobeyed him? He had heart disease, you remember, and if he died you would regard yourself as his murderer. I could not live with my father's blood upon my soul—that was the way you put it, I believe."

Mr. Collings blushed a brick red.

"Why, yes, of course," he murmured. "I did not wish to bring it all back to you so plainly. It was a most painful position. I think that perhaps I was unwise to have alarmed you so—Naturally—"

"Naturally it was a nice way of saying that your father had threatened to disinherit you. It would have been so crude to have stated the plain fact!"

Mr. Collings was deeply pained.

"You have not forgiven me, I see," he told her sadly. "I am sorry." He looked at his watch. "My few minutes have passed," he said, "who can say when we shall meet again! Oh, Mary—"

"Gracious! Patsy—Oh, he will choke! Oh, baby—how could you!"

Mary, in a wild grab, rescued her charge from swift strangulation from a bonnet-string and substituted a quieting peppermint.

"Do you allow him to have sweets?" asked Mr. Collings, quite interested.

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "it keeps him quiet."

Mr. Collings looked at her with stern disapproval.

"Children should not be allowed to ruin their stomachs for the sake of keeping them quiet," he said.

"Oh, is your little boy's stomach weak? So many large children have weak stomachs. Patsy can eat anything. He takes after his father; 'Sure himself was a terrible wan for peppermint!'"

Mr. Collings rose. He felt that he was being treated with levity. This was not the adoring Mary he used to know. His words were cold.

"Good-by then, Mary—should I say 'Mrs. Milligan?'"

"Not at all."

"Well, Mary, then—good-by."

"Good-by," said Mary. "I am so pleased to have met you. It has done me good. Wont you take a few peppermints for the children?"

"Thank you—no. Good-by, again."

"By-by—go on," said Patsy, who was a polite child but tired of waiting.

When he had quite gone Mary gave Patsy another peppermint-drop and withdrew into the friendly obscurity of some near-by bushes where she laughed hysterically. Then she cried a little—bitter tears—then she dried her eyes and knew that she was thankful. Better lost beauty, lost illusions, lost youth than the fate she escaped.

She took Patsy home in the late glory of the Spring afternoon. She gave him milk and more bread and butter and sugar and he fell asleep playing with the kittens.

Her heart was very sore—but she felt that it would begin to heal now. Some day the green things would be green again and the blue sky blue.

She sat for a long time watching the sleeping child—the fat kittens cuddled in his arms. She lifted the little moist curl on his forehead and kissed him gently. Already she had learned that kisses do not wake babies. The little sleepy fingers closed on her's—how sweet little babies are!

Suddenly she got up and went quietly into the next room. The letter lay where she had dropped it. She tore it up and wrote again.

Come back and be patient a little longer.  
MARY.



DRAWN BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

He spent the last days among the peaks

## The Painted Wilderness

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "The Fortress," etc.

TAIT had reached a small town on a mesa close to heaven. The natives informed him that the mountains which seemed to rise just behind the little Spanish cathedral at the end of the road were away over in old Mexico sixty miles distant. A typewriter was buzzing somewhere, and Tait inquired if that were over in Mexico also. Don Quixote, who kept the little hotel of Magdalena, replied seriously that a '*Mericano señorita*' down the street would take *dictación* if his guest cared to employ help with his correspondence.

The stranger, reclining in his hammock, marveled at the stillness and bigness of Arizona. The sandy street, 'dobe huts, tripod-canines, naked babies, sun-shot burros, and solemn mountains, all mingled in colossal silence. Tait at length recalled a name and address to which a letter might possibly be sent and started down the dazzling street toward the sound of the grinding type-mill.

The '*Mericano señorita*' was a little gray lady. That was the first impression. Her hair was decidedly brown, and her

face young and fresh; but something to which words do not adjust themselves as readily as the eye of a man, put her apart among the ineligibles, made her gray silk waist, open at the throat, seem a conspicuous mark of her resignation to a life of self-help, and rendered it easy for Tait to fall into brotherly attitudes. She was of the sort, he reflected, who turn up at weddings, look happy, do most of the work, and weep at the last moment—because their girl friend, transformed into a wife, can never be the same again.

A native child was asleep in the doorway. A muslin curtain complicated the single window, and below it was a case of books—poets and artists, at a glance. The rest was a box-desk, the machine, simple chairs of the sleepy order, and the little gray lady herself. Tait's letter was the longest of his life.

"Ages have passed since I reached here this morning," he dictated toward the end. "Still no signs of night. Joshua must be back holding the sun in the sky. A burro has been leaning against the window-ledge, soaking in sunshine, since

the world was without form, and void. A bluebottle fly just now settled down meditatively upon the burro and buzzed off in a panic, thinking possibly he had lit on the kitchen-brazier—gracious diversion. As to my health, it is perfect. I always said that the doctors were wrong about that cough of mine. However, I shall not leave Magdalena for the present. In fact, I think I shall dictate a book here or start a mail-order business, selling silence, voluminous silence—”

“You won’t have time then for such long personal letters,” she said with a laugh, since he had stopped short.

Her voice was her wealth. It settled softly down upon Tait’s understanding like a grateful coverlet, instead of piercing its way into his brain. It was a voice that had never been strained nor over-worked, and the listener decided there would have been a chapter added to the great book on Sound had he been John Tyndall.

“Have you been here long, Miss—?”

“Loyaltree. Yes, I have been here long. Magdalena has been very good to me. One can learn to love anything if one puts one’s mind to it.”

The native child awoke and stared doubtfully at the stranger. “That is Huck Finn,” she said. “He is motherless apparently, but he believes in me.”

“As they reckon things back East, he would be about three years old,” Tait observed.

“Here he is a fragment of eternity—like the burros and the distant Centaur peaks.”

They strolled out on the *mesa* together in the twilight. There was a “whisper” of bare feet behind. Huck Finn, the little waif of Magdalena who was privileged to crawl into empty hammocks anywhere, was following. Perhaps he was wondering now what manner of feast was to be spread out in the wilderness ahead. The sand had grown blurrish dark but continued to radiate made-over noon-day. Tait had forgotten most of the things a man can talk about. The woman wore a big straw hat with a dipping brim. She halted, staring into the west, which the sun had left burning behind the Centaur range.

“Those jagged peaks look now like a great low lump of amethyst held against a red lamp-shade,” she said raptly.

“They do, for a fact,” he agreed.

“I often think that a great city lies in those mountains—huge illumined buildings, black spires, smokestacks, workmen hurrying home with their dinner-pails on the dim back streets, foundries glowing at the river-edge, and one highway—a great welt of light from the stores and hotels and theaters.”

The town behind was now lost in the sag of the *mesa*. Tait was thinking hard of an old life. She was slightly ahead, and he was quite sure that there was a quaver in her voice when she resumed, after a moment:

“One thing I always miss in dear old Magdalena. It’s the birds; there aren’t any! At home I used to love to hear them in the trees just before dark: cuddling and talking back drowsily in the dusk. And in the morning they are so pompous and domineering. One can’t grow fond of vultures—not even a prisoner who puts his mind to it.”

“Miss Loyaltree,” he suddenly declared, “you’ve lived the studio-life somewhere. You’ve got the heart and the humor and the eye for color and the imagination. You must have worked with those mad-marvels in the *Quartier* who starve to work, laugh in living-death to work, who forget that bodies are meant to be taken care of, fed and rested, warmed and petted. Tell me: Did they come to you on a rainy morning and say you would die if you didn’t go out into the dry heat?”

“To-morrow,” she said bravely, “you may dine with me in the studio. Bring what you like best, only I would suggest that Don Quixote’s man has the best fowls, and go to Señor Domo’s for coffee and confections.”

“Yes, it’s the old word,” he answered ecstatically. “Mother Nature puts a mark on the artist-cult so the poor children would know each other and be glad—in far forlorn places. One would think I were an artist. It isn’t so. I was only one of the many who couldn’t understand that inclination does not mean power—Why, what’s the matter, lady?”



DRAWN BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

The dinner had been a success

"Nothing, only I didn't know that I had been so lonely. It—it seems strange to find one of mine own people away out here on the *mesa*. Come, we must go back. We've forgotten poor little Huck."

Tait was loath to return from his miraculous world, but there was no other way. The little waif had followed until he was tired, and they found him curled up asleep in the sand on the path. He took the child from her arms and neither spoke as they walked back. Tait had never been much with children. Huckleberry didn't wriggle, just stayed where he was and snoozed. Somebody had been feeding him garlic. A definite plan for the morrow was conceived in the man's mind regarding the desert child. At her door he reminded her that he would dine with her to-morrow and she smiled at him. Somebody was strumming a guitar across the way.

It was a long time before Tait gave up trying to conjure what put the studio-life in his brain. It was all as clear, when he had spoken, as if he had known her in Paris. And then the rainy morning matter—that was utterly aloof from material things! He had known no one who was

told to go out in the desert on a rainy morning. She had been ill, though, far more ill than he ever was. He did not like this thought, and shook it out of his mind.

Her reply to his hazards, Tait considered a work of art. She had invited him to dinner on the coming day with such readiness and reality that he was transported instantly to the dim hall of a Parisian lodging-house. There had been a pale girl there who used to tell him to bring over a cabbage or a sausage and lunch on her table-cloth, when he was particularly in favor.

Tait slept ill that night. Once he sat up in bed, recalling that the Loyaltree girl had been close to tears before she turned back.

The next morning was none too long. Many orders had to be given regarding the feast. Then, forty-five minutes were used up at the postoffice sending a money-order. After this, Huck Finn was taken in hand. The child regarded Tait with surprise and disappointment, and through tears repeated his sad conviction that the American was *mucho malo*. The scrubbing was accomplished, however, and the

sun wiped the little fellow dry: In the border-country and below, a creature under ten has no more use for a trunk or bureau-drawer than a bee, but Magdalena was compelled to yield its smallest garment, which fitted Huck like a rain-coat. The agony was prolonged under the hands and implements of the Spanish barber. The waif was then dispatched to pay his *devoirs* to the gray lady. The money-order had gone to a bird-dealer, remembered of civilization.

"Poor little home-sick girl, who can't grow fond of vultures!" Tait murmured. "She shall have birds—red, white, and blue birds!"

The dinner was a real success. Huckleberry was present, disconsolate and peeling. When Tait endeavored to make the joyful hour a daily event, he met with a refusal staunch but kind. He was hustled from the presence of the typewriter every morning; there was work for her to do, she told him. Eons would pass until it was dusk. He would read, doze, commune with the burros, watch the mountains, study Spanish, contemplate the broiling-street—and eventually it would be noon. Then came luncheon and *siesta*, functions most important, and an afternoon of leisure. Lastly twilight, the *mesa*, and the Loyaltree girl. He blessed the rainy morning that had sent her thither, blessed the men who had known her for their manly blindness, inasmuch as she had been left with a whole heart at twenty-nine.

In due course the consignment of birds arrived—four canaries and a gloomy customer in a brown duster who cooled his eye upon Tait as if that person had brought all sorrows into the world. "Rack, rack, rack, whee-er?" he wanted to know. Tait couldn't say. The bird-dealer evidently threw in this one for good measure. The man called the brown feathered one Luther Knox Calvin and left him in his own room, delivering only the canaries.

"But they are in cages!" Miss Loyaltree said pitifully. "You are good—too good to get them for me, but I meant I loved birds free!"

"Lets turn 'em loose," said Tait.

"No, No! What would four little sing-

ers do out on the blinding sun-tranced *mesa*?"

"It's no trouble to ship 'em back," he declared.

In reply she begged to be forgiven for her ingratitude. She would not part with the canaries for anything in the world. She had worked long in the heat, and was tired and cross, she said, and if he would forgive her, he might come to dinner the next day.

Tait was disturbed at heart. She was usually so resourceful and contained.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he said with decision.

She shook her head.

"I'm going to get a couple of ponies and take you out for a long ride. You need more outdoors, my lady."

A little later they rode off into the sunset.

"I wish you would allow me to spend more time with you, and that you would not work so hard," he said at last.

"You'd get awfully tired of me if I didn't send you away for awhile every day," she answered quickly.

"Why do you say that? If we could be together all—at least more of the time, I wouldn't be such a dolt at the end of the millenium."

The *mesa* was dim and pale and vast. They were far from the village, halting their ponies on the Rio Brava. The moon had returned from his foreign-business, a white-hot arc in a sky still streaked with daylight. Tait had not forgotten that there was something about her unlike other girls. He gloried in it. He was bewitched. In face, gesture, voice, mind, and heart, the world held none other. She understood him and he felt his own manhood when she was with him. The little gray lady under the great hat with dipping brim had become his lustrous empress.

"I don't like always to have you speak of yourself disparagingly," she said. "I wouldn't let anyone speak of you that way. You are good and wise and kind to me, and it is much for me to know that you are down the street a little way—a friend, a comrade, an artist—"

"But must I always be 'down the street a little way?' I'd willingly sit back in the



DRAWN BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"I have had twenty-nine years back in the crowds!"

shadows, and only chirp now and then like the little canaries—or hold your sheets of copy."

She faltered a second, then swung her pony about and faced him with frightened eyes.

"Please don't make fun of me!" she implored. "You know we are all alone together, and we have both been horribly ill—and we must be very good to each other!"

She did not heed his protestations. Her gloved hand was tight upon his sleeve, as she went on vehemently.

"Because I am the only woman here you have lost your perspective. If others should come, you would see how truly I

am speaking. You would see that I am only one of those little gray, solitary creatures, meant for service, not ornament! Please—oh, please, don't make me too miserable. I have had twenty-nine years back in the crowds to learn my destiny!"

She had ridden from him. His face turned ashen, as he called:

"I have had thirty years back in the crowds, and had to come out to this painted wilderness to find the woman I have always loved."

Riding back they did not speak.

In the village she gave him her hand to dismount, and said "Good-night" in a voice that seemed to come to him over

hills of myrrh and valleys of rosemary.

As Tait entered his quarters, Luther Knox Calvin, already adjusted to environment, demanded drowsily, "Rack, rack, rack, whee-er?" and ducked his head under his wing without getting an answer.

Early in the morning, however, he resumed the pregnant query so industriously, that a burro, which had settled itself for a day's meditations, half-in and half-out the doorway, moved off in disgust. The man awoke, realizing slowly that what he had fancied to be the music of beulah-land in his dream was just a canta-ta of canaries down the street.

The mind sets many things straight while the brain sleeps. Tait understood now that she must know he was not a trifler, that he had not lost his perspective, but was just a crude boy with his first sweetheart, since he had proved afraid to break the silence as they rode back together the night before.

Their dinner in the afternoon was quite a wonderful affair. They discussed the art-teachers of Paris gravely, the imprint which old Spain had left upon Magdalena and the border; their conversation turned upon jiggers and the future of Huckleberry, who had fallen asleep before the feast was half over, and began to fight off an imaginary tormentor—some ogre, possibly, who was dragging him down to the altar of the river again.

To Tait there was something marvelous about the woman now—something finer, fairer, and more fragile—that frightened him. She did not look into his eyes in the old ingenuous way. Hours afterward, they were alone on the moonlit *mesa* again. She must have known that he could wait no longer and that he was marshaling all the dull, dazed soldiers of his brain.

"I am very clumsy," he was saying, "but I never knew before what a real woman is like—a woman who could sit down in the midst of a desert and manage the world to suit her needs, and keep sweet, and help everybody about her. Why, lady, I hadn't known you an hour before you made me love you so deeply that I forgot how to laugh at myself!"

Please don't doubt me about this. It can never be any other way—"

He was drifting from all that he had meant to say. Her face seemed to fade from him for an eternity. He heard the howl of a wild-dog and felt the touch of her hand.

"Don't you see that you have changed the whole trend of my life?" she whispered. "Can't you know that I had put all such thoughts and things away—even before I was—ill? I saw that I was not the kind of woman men look to for a wife! You have brought me back all my dreams—all the dreams of a homely little girl, tortured with sensitiveness, surrounded by pretty sisters. I must—must know better that it is I—and not Magdalena; that it is not because we are here alone. . . . No, no—we are not children—I cannot let you kiss me—"

"What would you have me do—to show you?"

"You must go away!" she said swiftly. "You must go down into Mexico, or west to the coast—anywhere that you may keep well and see men and women of your kind. I can wait, but if you took me now and lived to be sorry—I should kill myself! If, in three months, Magdalena should still draw you, and the old *mesa* call you back to its powdered floor—then I shall still be here with Huck and the little singers and the dusty brown fellow that lives in your room."

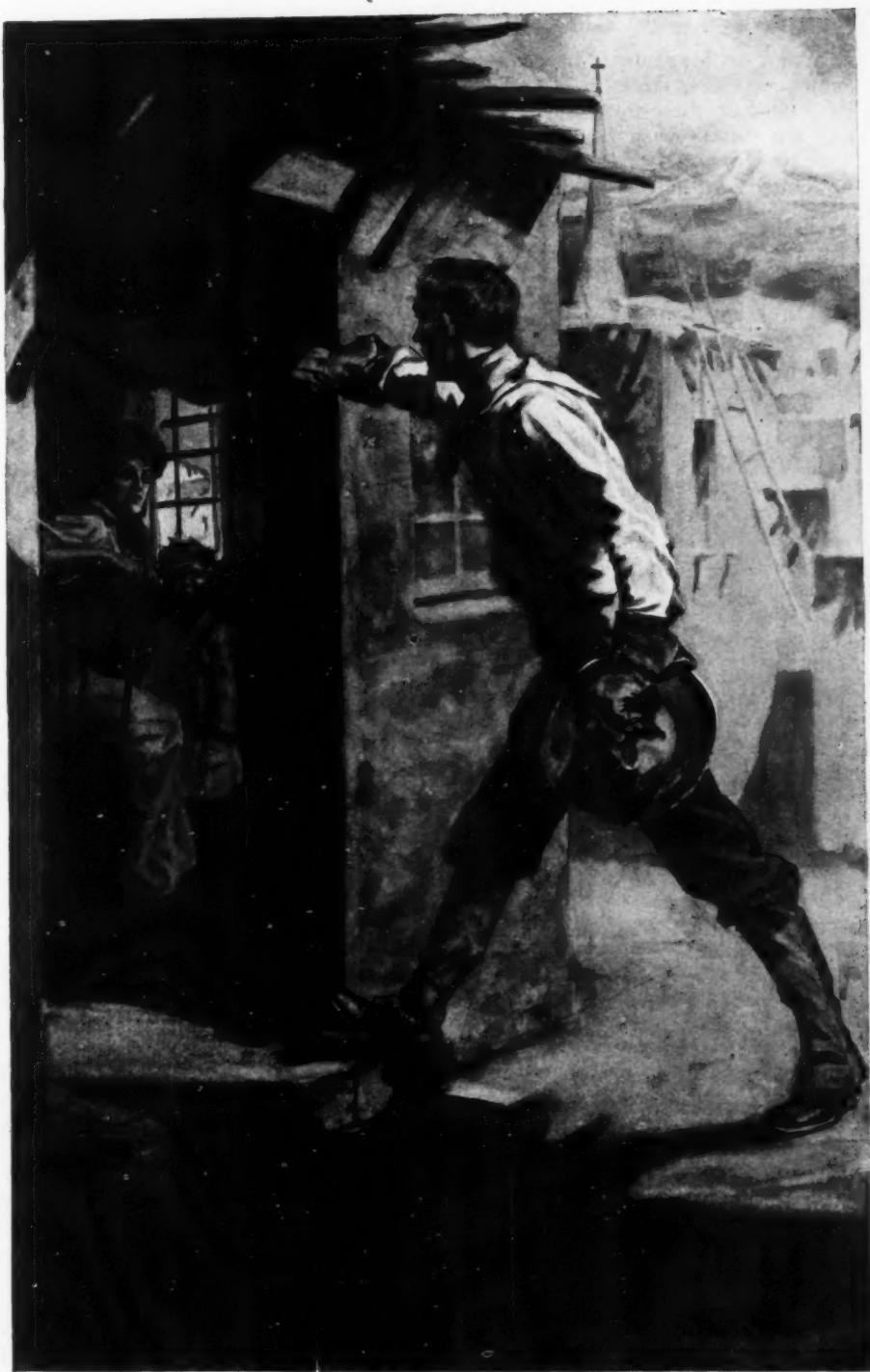
Strange, sensitive little gray lady. No words of his could change her. He rebelled against it all at first, then fought for days, one by one, to be taken from his sentence. At last he pleaded for a keepsake kiss. Gray-eyed little deemster—could she have known the measure of enchantment she wielded in that white-hot Arizona night?

At her door-way, she caught his hand and whispered:

"Keep to the high altitudes and the dry heat! If you—if you should grow ill again, come back to me quickly—even before three months!"

"I have even been so perverse as to keep perfectly well," he wrote to her from lower California.

"I have bad dreams. I am always go-



DRAWN BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

For an instant his soul seemed to leave him

ing back to Magdalena, but never can quite get there. Once the 'Paches had descended upon the town and were bearing you away—when I awoke. Another time, you were disappearing in the cleft of a hungry earthquake—while I dangled on the horizon. Sometimes, when I think of that last night on the *mesa*, it seems as if I can hardly wait even for train-time, but the reaction comes, and I am afraid. I imagine that you would turn your reproachful eyes upon me and ask if you are not worth waiting for—if I should disobey! What haven't you done to my heart, little lady?"

He spent the last days among the Centaur peaks, where he used to dream that a great city lay in the sunset, with its mills and smoky river-edge and vivid gorge of street-lights. The truth was, there was only a squalid little silver-town there, squatting upon the shoulder of one of the tinted mountains. Hours and hours he sat, perched on a great rock above the town, above Mexico, and stared north-eastward across the *mesa*, where Magdalena was hidden behind a sixty-mile thickness of sunshine. There had been a long season of rains, they told him, but the world was glad again.

Then he rode across the *mesa*, and on the last night of his exile tethered his pony in a little cañon of the Rio Brava. The pony whinnied. They had been good pals, this man and he, and he wondered why his grain was spread upon a stone in the whispering gorge, and why the man should wander off alone in the night. There was no moon, and he crept so close to Magdalena that he could see the dark cathedral-spire sharp against the stars. There he sat and watched on their old trail, waiting for the dawn to come up and set him free. That night Tait felt he was closer to Art than ever in his life.

In truth, the three months had made him a richer man, richer for an ardor, full-powered but tempered with control, richer for his meditations among the bare pondering Centaur peaks, and for the last night in the gracious silence of the *mesa*. When the east was a great glowing opal, he returned to the gorge to drink

and bathe and change the pony's tether. He had learned well to wait, and it was not until the last shred of gray was chased from the sand-stretches, and wisps of smoke arose from the town, that he turned his steps thither.

The street was empty, but women were moving about the 'dobes, and there was a hush as he passed, as if the dead had come back. He leaped to hear a rousing song from the blessed canaries—full-throated little choristers greeting the morning with runs and climacteric trills—aye, and the skeptical, strident inquiry, "rack, rack, rack, whee-er?"

He heard her voice before he reached the doorway. It was changed, but more marvelous—faint, adoring, akin to that of a young mother, who is alone with her first-born:

"Will God send him back to me over the Mountains of Separation?"

"Tell me, desert-boy, that he is coming—coming to-day—the big man we loved and sent away—"

She was talking to Huck Finn, and sponging the child's sleepy face. Her eyes were turned from the door, but the child's burst into staring, and his jaw dropped at the sight of the man in the doorway.

"*Mucho malo!*" he murmured despairingly.

Full into the morning her face turned, and from Tait's throat was wrung a cry for mercy. The remote fear of what the rains might have done to the lonely, delicate girl, was now a horrid living fact. For an instant his soul seemed to leave him, leave the chaos his brain had become. It was her voice that pulled him together, and her arms. She had sent him away to fight for her life—alone in the rain.

"What if I cannot live long?" she pleaded. "No woman could be happier in her lover than I am. Everyone must die—some in their honeymoon. . . . You will always be sweeter for Magdalena and the *mesa* and me—your—life—always—hallowed. . . . Sometime you will paint a great picture, and I shall be there—with you—in the sun-lit studio."

# The Hermit

BY C. E. HUGHES

PROBABLY there was never in the world a more solitary man than Dickie Fergusson. It was not that he had no friends. The fact that he was always known as Dickie, and that most of his acquaintances had forgotten what his surname was (if they ever knew it) is sufficient to prove that he was not solitary in that sense. He knew scores of men—women he rather looked down upon—and they all liked him. Yet he never seemed altogether at ease in their presence. He appeared pleased enough to see them if they visited him—perhaps he was really more pleased than he cared to confess—but he seldom visited them, and when he did, he was always careful to explain that his presence was more or less of an accident. He would imply that he was not there from any sense of duty; that he felt under no sort of obligation to return calls. He would state, and expect it to be believed, that he had been compelled to come in that direction on some matter of business, and that it had occurred to him that he might as well drop in. That was his way of putting it.

He had a distinct dread of displaying anything that might suggest sentiment, and yet, if the truth were known, he was perhaps as sentimental a fellow as any healthy Englishman that ever lived. Nature had made him one of the best companions possible, and habit, which had almost become second nature, tried hard to make him a hermit. And, on the whole, it succeeded.

Dickie lived in a castle on the Neckar. It commanded a very fine view, but it was not in itself a picturesque castle. From a distance it looked like a lofty, square factory with a pointed roof. It stood high up on the river-bank at one of the bends in the valley, and, to be quite candid, if it had not been for the tints of gray and green which it had acquired with age, it would have been a scar on the smiling face of the landscape. Certainly it must have looked so when it was new, but that period has nothing

to do with this story. It would mean raking up history nearly two thousand years old. There were, indeed, matter-of-fact people who denied that its long life had improved it, but they, doubtless, were tourists who wore blue sun-glasses, and so missed the beauty of its coloring.

Well, picturesque or otherwise, it was where Dickie lived. He had found it by chance during one of the lonely rides which he was wont to take from Heidelberg, on his motor-tricycle. Before he had found the castle he had seldom stayed long in one place. Possessed of independent means, he was accustomed to saying that his father had done him one bad turn by helping him into the world, and one good one by providing him with enough to live upon until he was comfortably out of it. He spent the best part of his time in traveling. Heidelberg was his most frequent resting-place. Here he had attached himself to a *pension* in the Anlage, where such of his personal belongings were stored as were not conveniently movable or necessary for any particular journey on which he might have embarked.

It was to this *pension* that he returned one evening full of the glories of the castle on the Neckar. The occupant was a baron whose distressed circumstances had induced him to let Dickie a suite of four rooms on the second floor.

A few weeks of frantic packing and despatching of belongings, buying furniture, commissioning of decorators—all performed or urged on with the spasmodic impetuosity which was Dickie's characteristic—and he was installed in the castle. His arrangements were that he should appear at meal-times and take his food with the baron and baroness, but at all other times he was to be left to himself. The baron allowed him to play the hermit to his heart's content, and for some weeks Dickie declared himself as happy as a king with his gun, his motor, his camera, and his supply of books and magazines. As happy as a king—so

he repeatedly told the baron. But there were times when the tedium of his happiness became unbearable, and at these times he would do anything for the society of a fellow being. The baron was out of the question, for one breach of the agreement would establish a precedent and show that the hermit-existence was really no more than a whim against which Nature might rebel. So he would sally forth and hobnob with a villager, play a game of billiards with the proprietor of the inn, or bring back the local carpenter to construct new chairs and tables from his own somewhat bizarre designs. Or, again, he would take a flying visit to Heidelberg, collect some dozen or so of his friends to dine with him at one of the hotels, have a really pleasant evening, and return on the following day with a vague notion that he had made a fool of himself.

So things went very well until one day the baron, who liked Dickie, and was a little perturbed at his eccentricities, announced at lunch that he intended to have some more guests.

Dickie protested strongly. "Look here," he said to the baron, "don't you know that the quietness of the place is the only thing that could conceivably have dragged me to this ugly out-of-the-way spot?"

"I believe that is so," remarked the baron.

"Well, you can't expect me to stay with a rabble of trippers."

"I don't," said the baron.

"But that's what they'll be."

The baron looked amused and waved his hand with the air of one who, having lived long and seen much, is well able to select or reject in a matter of comfort.

Dickie became a trifle apologetic. "Well," he protested, "a throng of visitors means noise."

"I shall have, as hitherto, the greatest possible care for your sensitive nerves," said the baron with a dry smile.

"I think I'll take a holiday till the hurricane blows over," said Dickie.

"Why not wait and see?" asked the baron. "Perhaps they won't be so bad after all."

Dickie said something in German it would be safer not to attempt to translate and left the room. But, as the baron anticipated, he made no move towards vacating the premises.

In point of fact, the baron had selected his guests with some skill. He had no intention of opening his house to anyone who might turn up. Of the eight members of the party, two were personal friends of his, and the rest were friends of these, so that there would be no such discord among them as is frequently found in a casual boarding-house congregation. Dickie, the baron felt sure, would fall into line with them. If he didn't he could keep to his own domain, and the meals in their company might prove a chastening experience.

Dickie awaited their arrival gazing savagely from the window of his sitting-room. There were two Germans, five Americans, and one Englishman. Four of the Americans were of the fair sex, and these constituted the feminine element of the party. The baron had not led Dickie to expect any feminine element, so their advent excited little emotion in his breast other than that of fierce resentment until he caught sight of the last figure in the group. It was one of the American girls; but it was not the girl herself that attracted Dickie's attention. Behind her, towed by a lead, flickered a white fox-terrier puppy.

Now Dickie had no dog of his own and he wanted one. He was, moreover, particularly keen on having a fox-terrier. Accordingly, though he suspected that the American's fox-terrier had the instincts of a lap-dog, he determined to make friends with it even if that entailed making friends with its mistress.

And so it happened that when the Crowd—that was the name by which they called themselves—came in to dinner that evening, they found Dickie ready to make himself completely agreeable. He laughed and jested and told anecdotes, and finally invited the lot of them, dog and all, to his rooms. They went, and in the council which the Crowd held before retiring to rest that night, it was decided unanimously that Dickie

should be enrolled of their number. Dickie had no knowledge of the honor that was being paid him, and he wouldn't have accepted it if he had; but none the less, as they decreed, so it happened. He accompanied them on their picnics, photographed them, gave them the run of his books; opened his rooms to them. And he undertook the training of the dog, Bobs.

Bobs was a thoroughbred, with no markings excepting two brown and black spots which covered his eyes, and spread on either side to his ears. When he arrived at the castle he had not, as Dickie had dreaded, contracted any of the vices of a lap-dog, but on the other hand, he had no positive virtues. He was entirely uneducated, but under Dickie's tuition he rapidly picked up the rudiments of canine politeness. After a week or two he would answer to his name, lie down, or come to heel; and he was beginning to take quite a promising interest in rat-holes. Then he mastered the intricacies of sitting up on his hind legs with a lump of sugar balanced upon his nose until he was assured that it was paid for. After that he went on to the "dead dog" feat, and finally he learned to talk.

Teaching him to talk was not such an easy matter. The Crowd, in spite of the baron's predictions and largely through Dickie's co-operation managed to make a good deal of noise, and talking was to Bobs a source rather of annoyance than of pleasure. He had doubtless congratulated himself on the fact that he knew how to hold his tongue. But after a while he discovered what was wanted of him, and gradually, at the request, "Speak, Bobs!" he learned to emit a gutteral sound which, since it was neither barking nor growling, was unquestionably talking. For a start it was promising, and Dickie persevered until, when he had quite succeeded in making Bobs talk whenever he was asked, he had given the matter so much time and trouble that he would almost have forgotten that Bobs was not his own dog had not Bob's mistress assisted in the task. Bobs had, in fact, been cleverer than even he thought himself. Without knowing it, he had awakened in Dickie an interest—half-

suppressed, it is true—in that mystery, the heart of a woman.

By degrees Dickie began to realize that he rather liked this American girl. He was, of course, not in love with her. No notion, despite the fact that he himself suggested it, could be more preposterous. It was, he tried to convince himself, her sense of humor that appealed to him.

They became the best of friends, and Dickie—Dickie who hated sentiment—began to be in mortal fear of showing it. He would even withhold from her the ordinary civilities which are every woman's due rather than let her think she had the least power to influence him. If she went out for a walk and found her jacket too warm for her, Dickie would flatly refuse to carry it, because, as he said, if the thing was too heavy to wear it was her own fault for bringing it. He was ready enough to help her if she were really helpless, but he wasn't, he declared, going to encourage stupidity. Thus, in a thousand ways, he tried to cover with a cloak of indifference the workings of his mind, and only succeeded in so disarranging the folds as to disclose to her, from whom he would conceal them, continual fresh glimpses of its inmost recesses. For she understood him as only a woman can understand a man and as no man can ever understand a woman.

At length the day came for the Crowd to depart. Dickie accompanied them to the station, and as the train came in the American girl handed Bobs to him.

"You'll get more fun out of him than I shall," she said. "Besides, he's more your dog than mine, anyway. You've taught him all the stunts he nows, and he wont do them for me."

Dickie hesitated, but finally the gift was accepted, and he was not sorry that the train cut short his expressions of thanks. He was such an unsentimental fellow, was Dickie.

So Dickie and Bobs returned to the castle together, and there was a pair of hermits.

Months sped by, and Dickie drifted along the solitary stream of his existence. To his friends he appeared the same

as heretofore. Only the baron, who saw him constantly, noticed that his intervals of unrest became more frequent and of longer duration. He was often absent from the castle for five days or a week at a time, and once he took a flying visit to America which lasted three months. On his return he told the baron of his travels, and explained, with insistent elaboration, that he had gone to the cotton country because he had heard that the scenery there was excellent for camera work. The event, he said, had proved disappointing. He had taken very few good photographs. The baron listened with intelligent interest, but inwardly he smiled, for he knew that the American girl dwelt "down south." And suspecting other things he felt a little sorry for Dickie.

The Hermit, however, settled down once more into the old groove, and months again sped by until on a certain day he received a letter from one of the members of the Crowd. It told him of the marriage of Bob's mistress.

Dickie dropped the letter, strode to the window, and looked out. He could not have explained exactly why he did it, except, perhaps, that he recalled the occasion on which he had first seen her with Bobs zigzagging behind. He gazed for a long, long time upon the fields and orchards that stretched below him, and then threw himself with a sigh on a low couch.

Bobs heard the sigh, and with ears

thrust forward he peered into his master's face. There was no response, and the dog scrambled up to his knees. Dickie pushed him away and set his teeth together as one who suffers physical pain. Bobs was puzzled. A situation in which his attentions were altogether undesirable was new to him. It was not, indeed, within the limits of possibility. Doubtless he had gone to work in the wrong way. Perhaps an entertainment would be more acceptable. So he set about entertaining. He sat up and begged with a patience that even the hope of a lump of sugar had never before inspired in him, and he rolled over and died with a zest that the feat had hitherto wholly lacked. But it was all to no purpose.

Dickie stared with eyes that saw across two continents and an ocean, and Bobs had no place in his line of vision. The dog pondered awhile, and then he decided to play his last and best card. Looking wistfully up at his master he opened his mouth, and made, with an effort, the sound that was neither a bark nor a growl. It was successful.

In a flash Dickie's thoughts had re-traveled those thousands of miles, and they were back again in the sitting-room at the castle. Bobs sprang upon him and tried to lick his nose. A smile of satisfaction lit the man's face, a smile of companionship.

"Speak, Bobs, old man!" he said. Speak, Bobs!"

## The Proof

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWN

Author of "Daly the Troubadour," etc.

**M**UGGSY made his acquaintance early one morning before office hours, when the left skate that he wore on his right foot suddenly deflected to an uncompromising angle and unceremoniously deposited him upon that portion of his trousers that stood sorely in need of a third patch before it had achieved even a second. The Old Guy, who was sitting

on a bench close at hand, rose and started to his assistance. But on the second step the Old Guy's foot encountered a banana peel, with the result that the assistee became the assistee; and while Muggsy was getting the Old Guy back on his bench, someone stole his skate.

The Old Guy thanked him for his aid, consoled with him upon the loss of his

property, and apologetically regretted his financial disability to make good the loss. Whereat Muggsy said that "dat was a' right," but contradictingly expressed a heartfelt desire to "fin' de guy what pinched his roller" so that he could "knock his roof off." And then, his sole means of amusement gone, he sat himself down upon the bench beside the Old Guy and eyed him scrutinizingly.

He was a tall man, was this Old Guy, and thin. The years had whitened his hair and the carefully trimmed mustache and imperial that he wore, and they had bowed his shoulders and saddened his eyes; they had lined his face with deep creases, hollowing the cheeks; and many of these same hard years had turned a dull green his once black frock-coat, made threadbare his trousers, and worn the soles from his shoes. They had been long years, unkind years, cruel years; and Muggsy was of the world, and that which he saw, he understood; which is far more than can be said for most of us.

"How old are you, son?" queried the Old Guy, sociably.

His voice, though weak, rang pleasantly, and Muggsy felt feelings of friendship well-up within him.

"'Leven, I t'ink," he returned; and then, friendly, "How old are youse?"

The Old Guy smiled a little sadly.

"Too old to be of any use," he replied.

"Huh?" asked Muggsy.

The Old Guy smiled again.

"Seventy-one," he said.

"Gee!" returned Muggsy, much impressed. "My, but dat's a long time, aint it!"

The Old Guy nodded slowly.

"Yes," he returned, "it is—a long, long time"—his eyes gazed unseeing at the gaudy shrouds in which Autumn lays the bones of Summer—"A long, long time."

Muggsy sat thinking.

"W'y," he said at length, "me gran'-mudder was on'y sixty w'en she died an' me fader on'y fifty-eight; an' de doc. took me mudder away w'en he brought me. He was a mean, ol' guy, dat doctor," he added. "A guy like I was den needs his mudder wit' him. Dat doc' di'n' ha' no bizness tuh take her away. An'," he con-

cluded injuriously, "he never brung her back. Wha' jer t'ink o' dat?"

"Most inconsiderate," returned the Old Guy, seriously; "or, at least, that is the way it appears to us. But you mustn't blame the doctor. He had his orders from a Higher Power."

"I t'ought mebbe he forgets tuh bring her back," returned Muggsy. "Some o' dem doc's is awful careless guys. W'en Limpy Boike—he wa'n't Limpy den but he is now—w'en Limpy Boike got runned over by a dray down on T'oid Avnoo, one of 'em came in a amb'lance tuh see him an he was drunk an' he fixed Limpy up an' told his mudder tuh take him home; an' she done it, but he di'n' get no better; an' byme-by dey had tuh take Limpy tuh the horsepitte an' cut his laig off. He's gittin' so now he can skate aroun' on his crutch pretty good. But he oughter have his laig. Don' youse t'ink so?"

The Old Guy nodded.

Muggsy considered deeply. "Den de guy w'at took me mudder away an' di'n' bring her back wa'n't like dat souse doc? It wa'n't his fault?"

The Old Guy shook his head.

"It wasn't a fault—it was a wish—God's wish."

Muggsy again bent his brows in thought.

"I heard dem Salvashun Army guys talk 'bout Him onces," he observed, at length, "w'en I use' tuh sell poipers an' dey gives us a dinner on Chris'mas. We has tokey an' cranberry sauce. Gee!"

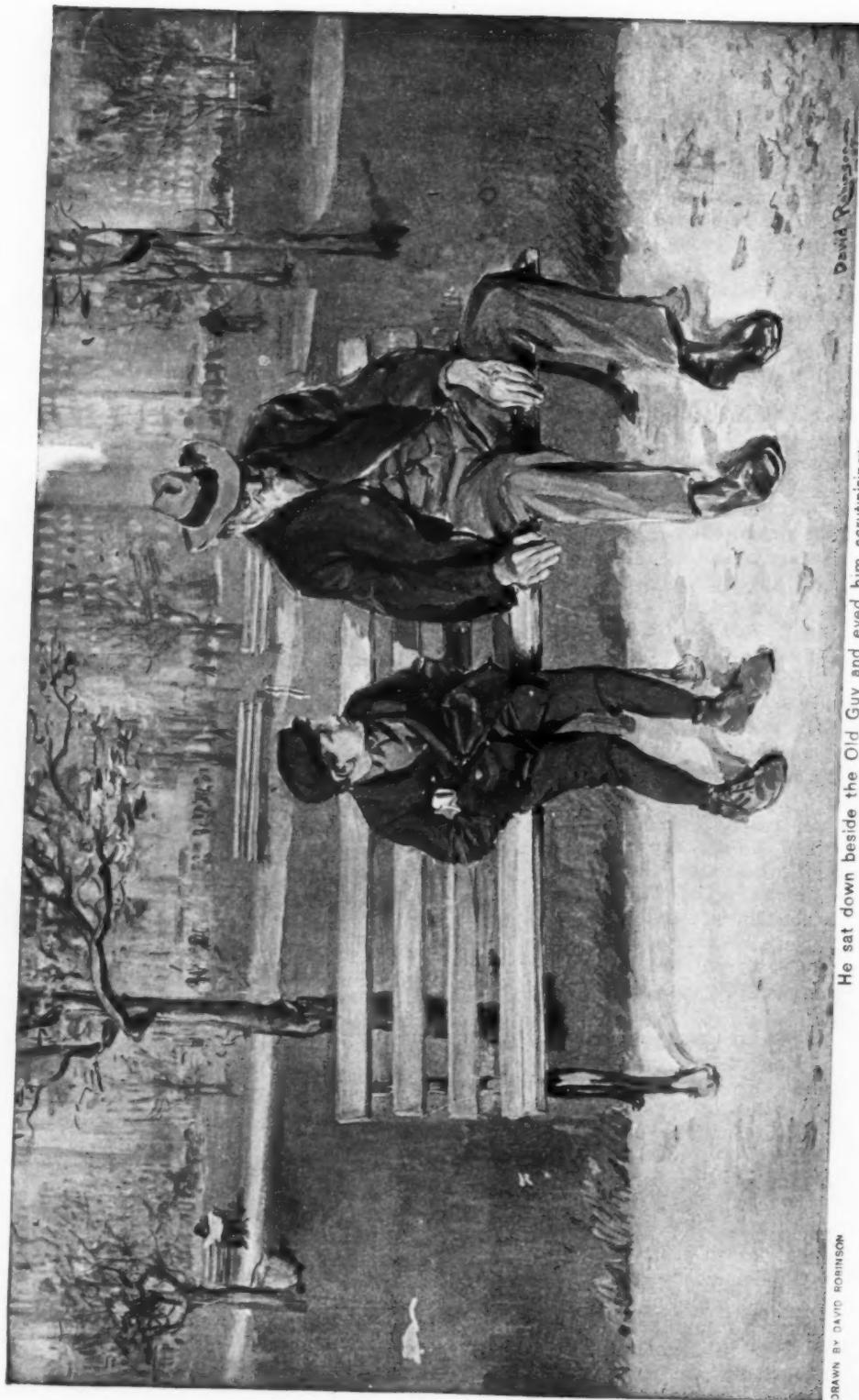
The memory of gastronomic delights for the moment switched his train of thought onto a siding; but soon he returned, with the persistent investigative-ness of normal youth, to the dropped subject.

"W'a'd He want me mudder for so soon?" he demanded.

There was no answer. He turned gray, little, scrutinizing eyes up to the time-limned face of his benchmate. The Old Guy was wandering hand in hand with the Past. Muggsy was quick to catch the significance of his expression.

"He done som'n' mean to youse, too. di'n' he?" he asked.

The Old Guy dragged himself slowly back to the Present.



He sat down beside the Old Guy and eyed him scrutinizingly

DRAWN BY DAVID ROBINSON

"Not something mean, exactly," he replied, gently, "but something hard—very hard—to bear."

"What?" demanded Muggsy, with the uncompromising directness of the young.

"It was during the war," returned the Old Guy.

"De Spanish-'Merican war?"

The Old Guy shook his head.

"The war," he responded. "The Civil War."

"Me fader was in dat," announced Muggsy, informatively. "He tol' me so. An' one o' dem guys dat was playin' on de odder side he shoots him in de neck. He had a w'ite spot dere—like me vacinashun. See?"

He turned up a torn sleeve and proudly displayed a tiny scar.

The Old Guy examined it carefully and nodded with infinite appreciation.

"Was youse in de war, too?" inquired Muggsy, rolling down his sleeve.

The Old Guy inclined his snowy head.

"Yes," he said, "and when, after four years of absence—for I was captured—I returned, God had taken away my wife; and my one son was gone only He knows where, and He has never told me."

"Gee!" exclaimed Muggsy, "dat was tough!" He considered again, with painful concentration. "Did God do dat, too?" he demanded.

"It was His will."

"He takes away my mudder an' your wife an' den cops yer kid an' hides him so youse don't never see him no more."

He scratched a tousled head with a grimy fist.

"Say, dat don' seem like a square deal to neider of us, does it?" he asked.

"No," the Old Guy replied, "it doesn't. It has been hard for me—but then, you know, son, He is good; and it doesn't prove that the things He does are wrong just because they don't seem right to us."

Muggsy wrinkled his brows doubtfully.

"You must believe that God is good and that everything He does is right," commanded the Old Guy, gently.

"Have I gotter b'lieve dat?" demanded Muggsy.

The Old Guy nodded firmly.

"Well," returned Muggsy, philosoph-

ically, "if I gotter, I gotter—but gee! if I di'n' have tuh, I couldn't. Say, it's hard tuh b'lieve dat, ain' it?"

The Old Guy nodded again.

"Sometimes it is, very hard," he returned. "But it's something that we must do—all of us. And," he went on, "you must always remember, too, to do to others as you'd like to have them do to you; and if you do, He will reward you. It is—"

He stopped suddenly and sank heavily against the back of the bench. Muggsy, startled, jumped to his feet. The Old Guy made a valiant attempt to smile—an attempt that ended in a little groan, and he pressed a thin, blue-veined hand against his side.

"Sick?" demanded Muggsy, in quick sympathy.

"Only faint," the Old Guy responded weakly. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"W'ere d'yuh live?" asked Muggsy.

The Old Guy didn't respond for a moment; then he said, slowly,

"Here—now."

Muggsy nodded in quick understanding.

"So yuh ain' got no home, eh?"

The Old Guy shook his head.

"They wont have me any longer," he said, "even for a sandwich-man."

There was infinite pathos in it all—a pathos that Muggsy, world-calloused to suffering as he was, felt deeply.

He rose to his feet and scanned with eager little eyes the passing crowds. At length he found what he sought—a belated "hot-dog" man with his little tin heater.

"Hey, youse!" he called, shrilly.

The hot-dog man heard the call, and gazed about him.

"Hey!" shouted Muggsy again, waving a thin arm. "Git busy!"

The hot-dog man came toward him.

"Gi' me a dog," ordered Muggsy.

He fished in his pocket and produced part of a handful of small coins and counted them carefully.

"Gi'me two," he re-ordered, as he completed the coin census; and he added, beneath his breath, "I'll have tuh drill down tuh me job but—aw, w'at's de dif-

rence anyhow? I'll bet de ol' guy ain' had nut'n' tuh eat in a year."

The hot-dog man, made wise by long experience, made sure of the money and then speared two frankfurters from the hot pool in which they floated, clapped them between the four halves of a pair of emaciated rolls, and smearing them prodigally with mustard, surrendered them to Muggsy.

The Old Guy was leaning heavily upon the back of the bench, eyes closed, arms hanging weakly. Muggsy tapped him on the shoulder.

"Here y're," he announced, cheerily. "T'row dese inter yuh face an' yuh'll feel better."

The wan eyes beneath the white, drawn brows opened, gazed, and then grew moist. He made as if to object. But Muggsy thrust a mustard-spattered roll into his hand.

"Git busy," he adjured. "Feed yuh face. It'll do yuh good."

"But," protested the Old Guy, weakly, "I—"

"Di'n' yuh tell me tuh do tuh odder guys like I'd want dem tuh do tuh me?" demanded Muggsy. "Well, den," he went on, argumentatively, "how c'n I do it if de odder guys won' let me? Huh? Gwan," he pleaded, persuasively, "eat it. It won' hoit yuh a bit."

The Old Guy's stomach was pleading eloquently; and before its insistence, and that of the donor of the dogs, Pride succumbed. And the Old Guy ate. And Muggsy went to the fountain at the head of the square, and while no one was looking, broke the chain that held one of the drinking cups and, filling the little pewter vessel with water, returned with it to the Old Guy.

When the latter had finished, he turned to thank Muggsy. It looked embarrassing. So Muggsy suddenly decided it was time he went to work; as he well knew it was, for his eyes had been on the clock for many more or less anxious moments and it was now so late that, even if he had a nickle with which to pay his carfare, he could not have reached the office on time; and Muggsy was on none too good terms with the office-manager as

matters stood. His sense of humor and his perceptions were keen—as keen as those of the office-manager were dull. And the manager, who impressed himself mightily, failed to impress Muggsy at all, and knew it. And when we admire ourselves, it annoys us if others fail to do so. But still, it can scarcely be deemed ground sufficient for discharge.

However, tardiness may be so regarded, particularly when one wants to get rid of a person one does not like. So when Muggsy tumultuously entered the office, at least an hour late, the manager at once summoned him.

"You're late," he announced austere.

"Yessir," agreed Muggsy, and with a very obvious effort, he added, "I'm sorry, sir."

"And well you may be," rejoined the manager, patting fragrant and precisely parted hair. "And well you may be, because I've decided to discharge you. Discipline must be maintained," he added, grandiosely, "and I shall have to refuse you a letter of recommendation since I cannot conscientiously, and in justice to myself, give you one. The cashier will pay your salary to date," and he turned to dictate a letter to an excessively *svelte* and high-pompadoured stenographer who was leaning languishingly on one corner of his desk.

Muggsy stiffened a little.

"I want no excuses," said the manager, over his shoulder.

Excuses were furthest from Muggsy's mind. He was fired, and that settled it; but before he went, he was going to have at least the satisfaction of telling the manager what he thought of him.

He shoved his fists deep into the places where his trousers-pockets had once been.

"Gee," he observed, "I wisht I liked meself like you like yourself. I'd give meself a steady job thinkin' how good I was."

The manager started angrily. The stenographer tried not to laugh—and succeeded, for she well knew upon which side her bread was buttered.

Muggsy eyed the manager in cold *hau-teur*.

"When de doctor brung youse, he handed your folks a lemon," he stated



DRAWN BY DAVID ROBINSON

"When de doctor brung youse, he handed your folks a lemon!"

critically; and then he turned—leaving the manager in helpless rage and the stenographer in ill-swallowed mirth—and went to the cashier, who solemnly tendered him a dollar and fifty cents and said that he was sorry he was going. And, as he made his way to the elevator, Muggsy opined to himself that the four-eyed guy who dealt the coin was a good plug, and asked himself fruitlessly why it wasn't just as easy for the doctor to bring good guys as bum ones. The theologic stratum was panning out many mysteries.

Having nothing in particular to do, and nowhere in particular to go, he wandered idly back to the little, tree-filled square where he had left the Old Guy. He found him there, still seated on the same bench; and the Old Guy naturally and becomingly expressed surprise at seeing him again.

"I thought you went to work, son," he said.

"I did," replied Muggsy, seating himself on the iron arm of the bench. "But I got bounced."

"What?" exclaimed the Old Guy.  
"Fired," explained Muggsy. "Winged. Trun out. D'scharged."

"But why?" asked the Old Guy.  
"Because I was—" began Muggsy.

Then he stopped and laboriously cogitated. But the best thing he could think of to say was:

"Oh, nut'n."

"But there must have been some reason," persisted the Old Guy.

"De guy dat runs dat joint don' need no reason fer nut'n," stated Muggsy, scornfully. "He's so stuck on himself dat it hoits him."

The Old Guy leaned toward him.

"Was it for being late?" he demanded compellingly.

Muggsy shifted, uncomfortably. "Gee, ain' dat a funny lookin' ol' dame!" he exclaimed. "De one wit' de leaves on her lid—crossin' de street. D' ye see her?" and he pointed a stumpy finger in the direction of Broadway.

But the Old Guy was not thus easily to be enticed away from the issue.

"Was it for being late?" he demanded again.

"Di'n' I tell yuh he di'n' need no reason?" countered Muggsy. "An' anyhow, if it hadn't be'n dat, it would 'a' be'n some'n' else."

"Then that was it," said the Old Guy, slowly. "And you were late because you stayed to help me!"

Muggsy gazed down helplessly at his restlessly swinging feet. He had not meant to tell the reason for his discharge. And now his mind-labor had been fruitless, his strategy unavailing. He shrugged his shoulders a little and ran troubled fingers through his tousled hair.

"Aw, it don't make no dif'rence," he announced, at length. "I'd rather sell poipers, anyhow—sure I would."

The Old Guy suddenly braced his shoulders and rose to unsteady feet.

"For what firm did you work, and what's its address?" he asked.

Muggsy anticipated his idea.

"Now look-a-here," he protested, "it won't do no good fer youse tuh go down dere. Dey wouldn't pay no 'tention tuh yuh." And then with abrupt transition, he said, "Say, dat rool youse gi' me di'n' woik very good, did it? Youse said if I done good, I'd git re—re—I'd git treated right; an' 'stead o' gittin' dat, I gits bounced.

Say, w'at kind of a guy is it dat runs dis wold? I guess youse ain' onto his coives."

The Old Guy did not reply. Abstract dogma was useless in the face of such apparently compelling, concrete contradiction.

"Give me the name and address, please," he requested. "I want to try, at any rate."

"Youse is too weak to go a-chasin' 'way down dere," objected Muggsy; "an', anyhow, it wouldn't do no good. Si'

down an' rest yuhself. G'wan; fergit it"

The Old Guy shook his head. "I'll take it slowly," he said. "Give me the address, and the firm's name."

Muggsy protested again. But the Old Guy was firm in his determination. So finally Muggsy let him have his way, and the information.

"Now you wait here, please," requested the Old Guy. "I'll come back and tell you what happens, and I hope it will be something good."

He laid a thin, white hand for a moment on the boy's tangled hair, and Muggsy felt a little drop of water strike him on the forehead. And he sat, looking for a cloud upon which to blame the drop, until the Old Guy was half-way down toward the crossing.

Muggsy watched the tall, thin, bent figure make its weak way through the jostling throng. He saw it pause on the curb's edge, and then push out into the vortex of people and carriages and cars and automobiles.

"Gee," he said, "I hadn't oughter let him go buttin' out in dat muss all by his lonesome," and he jumped to his feet and dashed off through the crowds.

He reached the curb. The Old Guy stood before him, there in the center of Broadway, trying to gauge the way between a rushing car and a swiftly driven cab. He was confused, helplessly confused, and there is in all this great world no confusion so terrible as that which is born of the realization of helplessness, physical or mental. With the Old Guy, it was born of both.

A great red automobile, with a be-goggled driver seated on the small of his back in alcoholic content, dashed around the corner, weaving drunkenly among the vehicles and pedestrians.



DRAWN BY DAVID ROBINSON

The Old Guy

"Hey, you! Git out o' the way!" roared a burly member of the Traffic Squad, waving at the Old Guy with an autocratic club.

"Look out, dere! Look out o' de way!" screamed Muggsy, and he dashed under the belly of a standing cab-horse, around a wagon, and on toward the Old Guy.

The Old Guy took a weak, confused step to the right, another confused, weak step to the left, and then the great, red hood struck him in the thigh, and he was cast to the ground with sickening force, his hat reeling under hurrying hooves, his white hair sopping the street muck.

In an instant, a crowd had gathered, but Muggsy was before it; and yet, even as he threw himself on his knees beside the Old Guy, the heavy hand of the Law was on his shoulder and he was hurled back against the legs of the bystanders with a harsh, "Get out o' th' way, kid." And before he could recover himself, the crowd closed in front of him, and when he had again wormed through, they were carrying the Old Guy to the sidewalk.

When once again he pushed and shoved and wriggled and wormed his way to the crowd-front, he was again met with the same hand and the same authoritative command. But this time he was on the alert, and he managed to squirm loose from the heavy grip.

"I know 'm," he said. "Lemme stay," and, quickly dashing a grimy hand across his little eyes, he fell to his knees beside the Old Guy lying there amid the red and yellow and golden glories of the fallen leaves.

Even as he did so, the wan eyes, beneath the muck-soaked whiteness of the hair, opened a little. They looked at him, and then the lips beneath the white mus-

tache drew into a faint, weak smile.

Muggsy was crying—racking, broken, choking little sobs—as a man cries; for the boys of the city are men, even as the men of the country are boys.

"Don't, son," said the Old Guy, weakly, very weakly. "I'm going. But I'm not sorry—I'm glad."

The hoarse, discordant clanging of a gong came to them.

"Here y'are," said the voice of the law, "here's th' am'blance. Git out o' th' way, kid."

Muggsy shifted a little and leaned still farther over the Old Guy, for his lips were again moving.

"And, son," he heard, "remember what I told you—and believe."

And then a young man in a white suit came through the crowd and once again the heavy hand of the law grasped Muggsy and threw him back amid the clustering bystanders.

Choking with grief and rage Muggsy dug his fists into his wet eyes and again charged the human rampart, and again, and again. And then, suddenly, it opened before him, and with its opening came the clanging of the gong, and through the vista of people before him he saw the retreating ambulance with the young man in the white suit seated crosswise over the tailboard.

He watched it until it disappeared amid the traffic of Broadway. Then, slowly, he made his way to the bench upon which he and the Old Guy together had sat; and for long, long moments he sat there, wet eyes watching the nimble fingers of the fall breeze twist and untwist the tiny heaps of gaudy leaves.

"Nut'n ain' right," he said at length, slowly. "Nut'n ain' right. Not nut'n."



DRAWN BY F. HOFFMAN

"Windy"

## The Dude Wrangler

BY CAROLINE LOCKAART

WILLIAM KLINK, better known locally as "Windy," ran his thumb and forefinger down the hair watch-chain which encircled his neck and looked at the large dollar-watch that ticked loudly in his corduroy waistcoat.

"She must be on time," he observed to the station-agent, as he squinted across the glare of sand and watched a speck on the horizon grow.

"She is—only forty minutes late to-day. She's doin' better since I jacked up the main office." The station-agent's face became severe at the recollection of the unpleasant duty which he had been obliged to perform.

"How many people did you say you expected in to-day, Windy?"

Mr. Klink was at once alive with interest.

"Ten—ten dudes from back East. Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Chicago—all them eastern states is represented by the dudes what are on that train. And every dude means a hundred dollars a head—ten dudes a thousand

dollars. Fifteen days on the Circle in Yellowstone Park and five days in Jackson's hole at five dollars a day—grub, bed, tent, horses furnished by me.

"Next year, three or four bunches of dudes at one hundred dollars a head, the year after twice as many, and so on, increasing each year till I've got the whole dude-business cinched; have cornered the dude-market as you might say; am the head of a dude-trust, and notorious as the greatest dude-wrangler ever jumped up in the Yellowstone Park.

"'Taint everybody can be a duder any more than everybody can break mules. It's a knack. You got to handle 'em just so. I was a Yellowstone savage for two seasons and herded six around the Circle on one of them yellow coaches loaded with dudes, so I had a chanst to learn their habits. You've got to humor 'em and at the same time be firm. If they wants to eat Yellowstone Lake trout with worms along their back fin, let 'em. It don't hurt the dude none and saves grub. But if they has a yearnin' to prance



DRAWN BY F. HOFFMAN

Miss Rastall

around on the formation without a guide, or poke their noses down inside a geyser-hole when she's within six seconds of poppin', you wants to take them by the ear and p'int out to 'em where they're at. Some dudes is gentle and mild and you can reason with 'em; others you has to work over with a club or the butt of your six-shooter.

"Onc' they was a dude with a park-dudin' outfit I wrangled for, as had a horrible appetite for jam. He was worse nor a bear for molasses. Everytime the cook went to the crick for water this dude et a jar of jam out'n the grub-box.

"'Windy,' says the cook, 'you beat that dude up a batch and I'll give you three dollars.' So I done it. When the dude left he gave every feller in the outfit but me five dollars, so I lost two dollars on the deal. But, of course, a feller has to take chances on them things. I don't like to toot my horn none, but I think I can wrangle dudes to a fare-ye-well. A few years of dudin' and I can lay on my back all day and eat bananers.

"Twict in my life I almost made a stake. Onc inventin' a bottle what couldn't be refilled, and the second time inventin' of a fence-post that wouldn't rot. The only trouble with the bottle was

that you couldn't fill it the first time, and the fence-posts—"

"Windy, don't you ever get tired talkin'?"

"Nope; for I jest open my mouth and let it say what it pleases. Onct a feller says to me, he says, 'Windy, why don't you talk grammatical?' 'Shucks,' I says, 'I talks what I knows.' "

"Well, hereshe is. See them ten scissor-bills with their heads out'n the window? Them's mine. I got two bronchos on the lead. It would be some rank now, wouldn't it, if I'd ditch the outfit gittin' them over to the hotel?"

A stooped, blond person, with a pair of roving blue eyes gleaming behind double-lensed spectacles, stepped briskly from the train and hastened down the long platform. He carried a tripod, a large kodak, and a panorama camera. He looked not unlike a drake leading his family to water as he bore down upon the waiting Mr. Klink with the rest of the party behind him.

"Mr. William Klink, I presume," he said affably.

"That's my name in Wyoming," replied Mr. Klink, as he extended a hairy hand, the nails of which were rimmed in a neat black border of axle-grease.

"My name is Hoskins—Ellery Haines Hoskins."

Mr. Hoskins set his load carefully upon the platform and fumbled in his pocket for a card.

"My business is fruit-trees and seeds; but in connection with my business I give illustrated lectures of my tours, in Sunday-schools and young ladies' seminaries.

"Now, Mr. Klink, I wish you, from the beginning of this trip, to show us all points of interest. Never for a moment forget, please, that I am here for the sole purpose of obtaining slides for my lecture-tour. Let nothing escape which may prove of interest to those less fortunate souls who are not in a position to make this won-der-ful trip. Our party is a merry and congenial one, though we met as strangers, most of us, only forty-eight hours ago. I believe, and all present share my belief, that, out of this chance meeting, lifetime friendships will grow. The Simple Life, lived so close to nature's heart, cements—"

"S'cuse me, mister," interrupted Klink, nervously, "but my leaders is on the skip, and I suspects from the ruckus I hear back of the depot that they're layin' on their backs wavin' their legs in the air. Get your grips and pile in."

"It's gall gits the snaps in this world," murmured the station-agent discontentedly as he looked after William Klink and his coach loaded with dudes at one hundred dollars a head.

The leisure population of the town, which included almost everybody, was at the hotel when Windy Klink's camping outfit and his ten dudes, started for Yellowstone Park.

Ellery Haines Hoskins, mounted on a horse with a head like that of some prehistoric reptile, went in advance of the party in order to snap-shot the sights he saw without delaying the procession. The younger dudes, male and female, climbed on Mr. Klink's saddle-ponies as if they were getting on a fence. The fat and elderly rode in the three-seated wagon driven by Mr. Klink. The cook, a person of saturnian countenance, who regarded all humanity with deep scorn, drove the grub-wagon. Snake River Bill, an

erstwhile sheep-herder, still in a dazed condition as a result of pay-day, nodded on the seat of the tent-and-bed wagon, until he received the word to start.

When Mr. Klink counted noses before picking up the lines he discovered he was a dude short.

"Who is it?" he asked in alarm.

"It must be Kitty Rastall. She's always behind. Yes, it is Kitty Rastall," they cried in unison.

As if in response to her name, Kitty Rastall tripped down the hotel steps clad in green and black plaid bloomers and leggings. Kitty was unmarried and weighed 185 pounds 7 ounces in the Turkish bath.

"Oh, Mr. Klink, mayn't I have a mount?" she pleaded.

"Somebody help hist the lady over the wheel," commanded Mr. Klink, and a dozen willing hands loaded Miss Rastall upon the seat beside him before she could explain that her desire was to ride a horse.

An amazing transformation had taken place not only in Miss Rastall's appearance but in that of the entire party. When Klink had brought them from the station he had driven them by the long road to the hotel, that all the town might see his "bunch of millionaires," as he referred to them proudly. Now they looked like guests *en route* to a "Hard-Times Party." The trunks and canvas telescopes which had filled one whole dray must have contained the savings of years in the way of old clothes. Tall, crowned hats adorned the heads of ladies in tight sleeves and basques with "tabs" on the back. The spotted waistcoats of the elderly gentlemen bore visible testimony to the fact that eating with them had been a habit of years. The theory of each and every elderly person had been, it would seem, that a camping-trip through the Yellowstone was the place to wear his old clothes, regardless of the appropriateness of the ancient treasures.

The younger members, however, had outfitted themselves on entirely different lines, presumably from some souvenir-store making a specialty of Indian and Western curios. Their yellow, high-heeled cow-boy boots and long fringed

leather "chaps" squeaked with newness. Their gaudy, beaded buckskin waistcoats were still unsoiled. Their deep leather cuffs and broad *sombreros* were the most extreme the spectators had ever seen. Their spurs clanked as they walked, and their wide cartridge-belts and heavy six-shooters all but pulled them in two at their slender waist-lines. They looked like stage outlaws, and Klink, as he took in the details of their appearance, had only one thought, and that was to get them out of town as quickly as possible.

"What beautiful white teeth you have, Mr. Klink! Are they your very own?"

Miss Rastall, having resigned herself to driving instead of riding, looked at him with coquettish eyes.

"I has two sets," replied Mr. Klink, darkly. "One is for eatin' human flesh, and the other is for dudes."

"Oh, you funny, funny man!"

Her appreciation of his humor led Mr. Klink to observe that Miss Rastall's round and florid face radiated with good-nature, and that there was a certain attraction in the deep dimples of her cheeks. As the forenoon wore on, he almost forgot the plaid bloomers which, at first, had seemed to him so odious.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," quoted the cook gloomily, as he unloaded the grub-wagon at noon and poured the butter into a soup-plate.

"Vast wilderness—I should say so. We ought to get some shadier place than this to eat in, seems-like."

There were lines of discontent in the highly polished forehead of the lady whose husband "wrote insurance" back in Galesburg, Illinois.

"Will we always have to sit on the ground to eat?" she demanded peevishly of Klink, as she seated herself upon a slight elevation that proved to be an ant-hill.

"Noons you will."

"I know I'm not going to like it. I wish I hadn't come. I never expected to rough it like this."

"We'll pass a hotel this afternoon. I shouldn't be surprised but what they could put up one more."

A horse had just stepped on Klink's foot, and he momentarily forgot that the

lofty browed lady represented two hundred dollars, being accompanied by her son.

Sure enough, when they reached the hotel, she demanded to be driven to the door, and Klink's heart sagged in his bosom as he saw two hundred dollars in cold coin pass inside.

"She was on the peck," observed Klink, gloomily to Miss Rastall as he drove away.

"A cat," agreed Miss Rastall. "She fought with the porters all the way out."

"Into this Universe, and why not knowing,  
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste  
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing,"

quoted the cook to the sheep-herder as, at sunset, he pulled into a clearing in the forest reserve and threw down the lines.

"He's locoed," said the sheep-herder later, taking Klink aside and pointing to the cook. "He talks poetry."

"No he aint; he's jest educated. Ust to teach school in Kansas before booze got him. Humor him all you can, Snake-River, so he wont quit on us."

Mr. Klink set up the tents and all but ruined himself for life dragging logs for the camp-fire, assisted somewhat by an elderly gentleman named Raub, who was seeing the world after a lifetime of activity in the hardware-business in Iowa.

"I trust my tent has been placed on a perfectly level spot," said Mr. Raub, "for I'm a light sleeper at best, and if there are any excrescences under my bed I shall not close my eyes."

"If you mean humps," replied Windy, "they aint any."

The fatigued tourists retired early, and Klink, worn-out with mental excitement as well as work, was among the first to leave the camp-fire. He was awakened by a blow on the head, delivered through the canvas by some person on the outside of his tent. He thrust his head through the opening at the foot and promptly fell back upon the bed-covering. The barefooted apparition, with wild eyes and streaming hair, thumping on his tent with a club, was Miss Gladys Byrd of Omaha.

"Mr. Klink," said the young woman in a shrill and angry voice, "would you kindly see if the person occupying the

tent next to me is in his death agonies or merely sleeping?"

A series of rattlings and snorings and gurglings such as Klink never had heard, was issuing from the tent of Mr. Raub who slept so lightly.

"I've prodded him with this stick, and called to him, but I cannot waken him. I'm just getting over nervous-prostration, and I shall have a relapse if he does not stop."

"Hi, old man, roll over and give somebody else a show!"

Klink unsnapped the canvas flap and, crawling through the aperture, took Raub by the shoulder. Raub, instantly awake, grappled with Klink and tried to throttle him, screaming loudly for help as he did so.

Cries of "Indians! Burglars!" went up from other tents and, in a moment, disheveled, barefooted, and white-robed dudes, deaf to the explanations of Miss Byrd, surrounded the swaying tent wherein Klink and the retired hardware merchant struggled. Long years of lifting stoves and other merchandise had

given Raub an astonishing muscle, so that when Klink fell panting through the entrance he lay exhausted.

"My watch is gone! It was under my pillow!"

Klink was surrounded that he might not escape.

"He is not a thief—he was only awaking Mr. Raub!"

Miss Byrd was trembling with excitement and the chill of the night-air.

"Well, I'm tolerably wide awake now. What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Raub in angry sarcasm.

"You were snoring. It wasn't like anything human!" declared Miss Byrd.

"Snoring! There's a tree-stump sticking up under the small of my back and I haven't closed my eyes!"

"To-morry night I plants your tent a quarter of a mile from camp—off in the brush," said Klink, still too warm from the encounter to be diplomatic.

"To-morrow night I sleep at the Lake Hotel," replied Mr. Raub with heat. "I'm sick of this."

Klink groaned inwardly. Another hun-



DRAWN BY F. HOFFMAN

Miss Rastail was upon the seat beside him

dred dollars gone. He should have demanded his money in advance!

"He was a nuisance, anyway," declared Miss Rastall the following day, when Mr. Raub, carrying his suit-case, strode into the hotel.

"And this delightful Herb whose living green

Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—  
Ah lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen."

"How many likes onions in the potato-dope?" quoted and inquired the cook in one breath as he prepared a *sauté* for supper.

"I perfectly adore onions!" declared Miss Byrd, who was standing hungrily about the camp-stove.

"I loathe onions. I never touch anything in which there is onions."

Miss Leila Smythe of Fields Corners, Michigan, looked the scorn she felt as she thus declared herself.

"You must have stomach-trouble," replied Miss Byrd, tartly.

"I have not. But I presume, if my father was a butcher I could eat onions, too. Butchers and their families always eat onions, do they not, Miss Byrd?"

Miss Byrd's eyes blazed, but, before she could reply, Miss Rastall jumped into the game.

"Let's take a vote on it," she said good-naturedly. "We're all here."

Which was true, as the wordy war had attracted everyone's attention.

"Harold, if you vote against onions, I'll never speak to you again."

Harold Watkins, a pasty-faced young man with a complexion like a Maryland biscuit, looked startled at the fierceness of Miss Byrd's tone.

"If you vote for onions, you're no friend of mine."

Miss Smythe's voice was quite as savage as that of Miss Byrd's.

Klink, an astonished listener, suddenly realized that the feeling between the young women lay deeper than onions.

Miss Rastall's was the deciding vote. She cast her lot with the onion eaters, and onions went into the *sauté*.

"Mr. Klink," said Mrs. Smythe, as she watched the duder straining himself over a log he was bringing for the evening

camp-fire, "onions are equally as obnoxious to me as to my daughter. If persons of low origin insist upon eating this vulgar vegetable they certainly should not thrust themselves among cultivated folk. I request, indeed, Mr. Klink, I demand, a separate camp-fire."

The jaw of the dude-wrangler dropped, and his protruding eyes could have been snared with a log-chain. The reply which involuntarily burst from him was such as he would have made to Mr. Smythe under similar circumstances, and Mrs. Smythe, shocked and outraged, retired at seven o'clock, taking her daughter with her, where they lay listening to the triumphant faction singing loudly: "The Onion forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

"I am sure it will be scarcely necessary for me to tell you, Mr. Klink, that we are leaving you at the Old Faithful Inn," said Mrs. Smythe, coldly, the following morning.

Panic-stricken at the outlook, Klink protested, but Mrs. Smythe was obdurate.

"This is no place for either my daughter or me. My husband is a professional man—one of the leading osteopaths of our county—and we are not in the habit of mingling with persons in trade."

Which haughty declaration was Greek to Mr. Klink, who knew no social lines.

"Nutty," he said to Miss Rastall, tapping his forehead significantly as he handed the Smythe luggage to a porter at the Inn.

"It's worse," assented Miss Rastall. "Deep-dyed snobs—good riddance!"

Which opinion was considerable comfort to Mr. Klink in his depression.

Only five dudes now remained but Mr. Klink figured that by strict economy he could break even. Therefore, he humored them in their whims and sought in all ways to pacify them when they exhibited dissatisfaction.

"If I can jest get through without any more of them quittin' on me, I'll tell them where to get off at onct I get their coin," he confided to Miss Rastall, who was his staunch friend and sympathizer and who still rode on the seat beside him. "There's one pleasure I'm savin' for my

self," he continued. "It helps me keep quiet when I'm tempted to cut loose. I aims," he said, "in fact, I intends, to kick that Harold Watkins into the middle of next week."

They camped that night at the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, and after supper walked to the garbage heap back of the hotel to watch the bears come down for food. But, for the first time in several evenings, the bears were absent—to the great disappointment of Ellery Haines Hoskins, who had intended making the park bears a feature of his lecture.

"How picturesque is this scene! How exquisite the coloring! What shadows and high lights! If only it could be reproduced on my slides!" exclaimed Mr. Hoskins in ecstacy as they gathered about the camp-fire after their return from the garbage heap. "I will get my tripod," he continued, "and set my camera for a time exposure. While the picture is making, let us all join hands and unite in singing:

"Blest be the tie that binds."

Klink, to his intense disgust, found himself holding hands with the cook and Harold Watkins.

"I'd as leaf hold hands with a bull-snake as with that man," he protested, and cast wistful looks across the fire at Miss Rastall; but Mr. Hoskins, having exposed the film, refused to let him move.

"Any man that wants to see a bear as bad as that *hombre*," said Snake-River Bill nodding at Hoskins, "it's a plumb sin not to fix it so he kin."

The cook looked at Snake-River, and they exchanged meaning glances.

"Truly, friend of my bosom, you are correct," replied the cook as he arose and, going to the grub-wagon, cut the end from a slab of bacon.

When the camp-fire burned low and Mr. Hoskins slumbered, Snake-River Bill loosened the pins which staked Hoskin's tepee-tent to the ground and attached the bacon to a corner of the tent by a rope.

"Here he comes!"

An hour later Snake-River Bill's husky whisper awakened the cook, who re-

posed under a "tarp" a few feet away.

There was a sniffing, and the sound of heavy breathing, and the breaking of twigs. Presently a huge dark object came out from the shadow of the trees and lumbered in front of the row of tents.

"It's a silver-tip—some bigger'n a bull-elk! Say, cook, if the dude gets et will they come down on us for murder?"

"Shut up!" whispered the cook, as the swaying hulk stopped suddenly at the bacon.

The bear took it in his jaws and started off. He seemed surprised when the rope stopped him and stood a moment to consider. He concluded that some insult was being put upon him, and gave the bacon a vicious tug which moved Mr. Hoskins' tent some six inches. Thus encouraged, the bear started to travel, and the way Mr. Hoskins' tent bounded over the ground made Snake-River Bill hug himself and roll over in ecstacy.

Some fifty feet from the starting-place the tent struck a log and the bear began crashing through the thick brush. Mr. Hoskins' cries, issuing from the collapsed tent, awakened everybody. The bear with the bacon still in his mouth rose on his hind legs and looked curiously about. Mr. Hoskins, half-smothered, finally succeeded in getting his head from under the mound of canvas.

"I don't know who you are, sir," he said, his voice vibrating with indignation, "but I wish to say, sir, that I consider this the height of impudence. If you are a member of our party, this incident, sir, shall not pass unnoticed. I shall chastise you myself!"

Freeing himself from entangling ropes and canvas, he sprang up and at the bear, but Mr. Klink caught him in the air by the slack of his outing-flannel nightshirt.

"Hold on," cried Klink. "That's a silver-tip, and I b'leeve he's on the prod. Hit the ground there, Snake-River, and help me run this bear off."

Snake-River Bill and the cook were sleeping with suspicious soundness.

Miss Byrd and Miss Rastall ran screaming to their tents and pinned the canvas flap tightly shut with safety-pins. Harold Watkins and a bookkeeper from Topeka, Kansas, bounded through the



*Ellery Haines Hoskins took snap shots*

smoldering camp-fire in their bare feet and jumped into the grub-wagon.

"Wait! Don't scare him!" Mr. Hoskins' anger turned to wild excitement. "Hold him till I get my powders and camera. I'll take a magnificent flash-light for my slides."

William Klink looked to see if his bell dude had suddenly gone insane; fright might have crazed him. Klink could see that the hair on the hump at the back of the bear's neck was slowly rising.

The cook got a dishpan and spoon, Snake-River ran for the tin washbasin, Klink found a couple of tin cans. Their combined efforts made a deafening noise. The bear stood for a moment and then, dropping to all fours, started through the brush.

Mr. Hoskins raved like a madman. "You've spoiled my lecture. Idiots!"

The slide which I wanted above all others! Fool that I have been to place myself under the guidance of an ignorant coward who could have no appreciation of the magnitude and importance of my work. I am convinced that I have missed many of the beauties and wonders of the park, and I hereby give you notice, William Klink, that I shall leave your illy-conducted party at the Mammoth Hot Springs."

Mr. Hoskins registered at the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, and in so doing struck Klink a double blow, for he registered also for Miss Byrd, who had been intrusted to his care by her mother. She left the party reluctantly, for Harold Watkins was still with it, and Miss Rastall begged her to stay; but she could not dispute the authority of her temporary guardian.

"Snake-River," said the cook, as the "Klink Party" stopped to unload Mr. Hoskins at the hotel, "hold my team till I get back. I got to see a friend of mine that I used to know in the Philippines."

The cook walked rapidly in the direction of the soldiers' quarters, and when Klink was ready to move the cook was still absent.

They waited for him almost an hour. When he finally appeared, it was apparent that the reunion had been both wet and friendly.

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling! The Bird of Time has but a little way To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing."

The cook hung over the wheel of Klink's carriage and looked up at him with tearfully sentimental eyes.

"Climb up on your perch there!" said Klink, sternly, pointing to the high seat of the grub-wagon with the buggy whip.

They made an early camp on the road to Gardiner, the northern entrance, and not far from the hotel. During the afternoon the cook presented an infinite variety of moods for the consideration of Miss Rastall, Klink, Harold Watkins, and the bookkeeper from Topeka, Kansas. From a state of tearful sentimentality he passed to one of great gayety. After which, he opened his heart to exhibit the bitterness concealed there, and related in detail why he could not get along with his wife. From a misanthrope he became an optimist. Lofty desires filled his bosom; his face glowed and the radiance of a noble ambition shone in his eyes as he announced his determination to lift himself from the ranks of a round-up cook to that of the hotel *chef*. While this mood was upon him, he essayed to cut the ham for supper.

"Cook, don't cut the ham in chunks. I prefer it sliced."

Harold Watkins' drawling, dictatorial voice always had acted upon the cook like a yellow-jacket's sting and now it assumed the proportions of a whole hornet's nest. The young man, still in cowboy regalia, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and sauntered toward the cook-table, followed by the bookkeeper.

"You don't like the way I cut ham?"

His tone would have been a warning to one more familiar with the disposition and habits of cooks than young Mr. Watkins. Mr. Watkins regarded his words merely as spirited repartee.

"It's abominable," he answered.

For reply the cook felt the edge of his long butcher-knife with his thumb and jumped for Mr. Watkins.

"Run!" yelled Klink, which was an unnecessary admonition, for not only Watkins but the Kansas bookkeeper were going down the road toward Gardiner in leaps and bounds with the cook and the gleaming knife only a jump behind.

"Oh, Mr. Klink, will he kill them?"

Miss Rastall wrung her hands and turned a white face to the duder.

"Not if they can keep up that gait," answered Klink, grimly. "They ought to be in Gardiner in twenty minutes; it's only five miles."

The cook came panting home at sunset: exhausted, dust-stained, and sober. He retired immediately, leaving Klink and Snake-River Bill to prepare supper.

"I bounces him to-morry," said Klink to Miss Rastall, as she sat on a saddle-blanket staring pensively into the campfire.

"Mr. Klink," said Miss Rastall with visible effort, and the pink of her face was not caused entirely by the heat of the fire, "I am afraid that I, too, must leave you."

Klink's heart stopped beating and he wondered if it ever would start again.

"I've aimed to please you, miss."

He tried hard to keep his voice steady, but it quavered, at the end, in spite of him.

That his good-natured, ever sympathetic friend would desert him had not entered into Klink's calculations. She had constantly lifted him from his despair and he had grown to lean upon her and look to her for comfort to an extent he, himself, had not realized.

"Oh, but you have pleased me, Mr. Klink," and, seeing how deeply he was hurt, she impulsively put her fat, dimpled hand on his. "But, don't you see, it isn't proper for me to travel around with only you and the horse-wrangler?"

Klink stared at her.

"I'm a nowise dan'russ character," he said, blankly.

"I'd trust you, anywhere," declared Miss Rastall.

"Would you—on the square?" Klink's face beamed again.

Miss Rastall withdrew her hand and coyly traced the pattern in the saddle-blanket with her forefinger.

"There aint no need of your leavin'."

Klink was radiant with a new idea and feeling which had come to him.

"I like your style, and if I'm anyways pleasin' to you, why—I seen a man with his collar turned around behind, loafin'

on the hotel porch. And, say, I'll sell this dudin'-outfit and go in for sheep. I can wrangle sheep to a fare-ye-well. We'll buy a ranch on the Graybull and then—"

"Oh, Mr. Klink!"

Klink read his answer in her blushes and dimples.

"Call me 'Windy'—it's more sociable," and he took her plump arm and hugged it ecstatically to his breast, just as the horse-wrangler, with poppin' eyes, stepped back quickly into the darkness outside the circle of firelight.



DRAWN BY F. HOFFMAN

"Call me 'Windy,' it's more sociable!"

# Football and the Girl

BY HARRIET HARDING

IT was the day of the Yale-Harvard game and Boston was hung with crimson. The hotels were already filled to overflowing and special trains continually arriving at the huge station brought other laughing, jostling, enthusiastic crowds. The late comers were for the most part decorated with blue, the girls with great bunches of violets, the men with banners tied to canes and umbrellas. They were of all ages: gray-haired fathers from the classes back in the '60s escorting their entire families to see the big game; under-graduates with pretty, well-dressed girls, sometimes chaperoned by mothers nearly as pretty and equally well-dressed, and sometimes with no chaperones at all. But the largest part of the crowd was composed of young men unattached, who formed into small crowds and separated again, who drifted boisterously through the streets, greeting each other hilariously and making for the various hotels where every effort had been made to provide for them.

It was a perfect day. The crimson streamers floating from the store-fronts and the house-windows shone in the sun's rays, unusually mild for the end of November. Although it was not yet noon the cars bound for Cambridge were crowded and a procession of carriages and automobiles filled with gaily decorated girls and men, was moving along Boylston Street toward Harvard Bridge.

In a corner of the down-stairs restaurant in one of the big hotels, three people were seated at a small table waiting for luncheon. The table had been engaged weeks ahead, and although the room was only half-filled, a red cord stretched across the open door signified that there were no tables unengaged for chance arrivals. The room was hung with crimson, and red carnations were on every table.

The girl at the small table in the corner was dressed in gray, and wore a big red chrysanthemum thrust in her belt. Her mother wore no decoration, and the

young man had a red carnation in his button-hole which the girl had just taken from the vase before them and placed there, with a very pretty grace.

"I wish you didn't do those things just the way you do, Isabel," said he reproachfully.

"I can't seem to help it, Ben, but I don't mean anything."

"I know you don't; that's why it hurts."

"Really, Ben," Mrs. Morrison remarked, "I don't think you should let Isabel treat you as she does. And I can't understand your taking her to this game when you know she is only interested in seeing Knowlton play."

"Now, mother, what a story! Isn't Ben himself a Harvard man?"

"So he was two years ago at the last Yale game, and you declined to go because you had outgrown football."

"This is my second childhood, perhaps."

"Indeed, I believe you. It seems childish to see you take so much interest in a man of whom you know absolutely nothing more than that he is big and has a square jaw and can play football. At least that is all that I ever heard you say about his attractions."

"He has many others," replied the girl, quietly, a flush creeping up over her face. "I suppose it is hard for us hide-bound Bostonians to admire what we can't understand. But I admire Mr. Knowlton because he came here from the West without assistance from anyone. He was poor, terribly poor, and Harvard had been his ideal and he stuck to it till he realized it. Now he is here, and is working his way through college. I admire that tremendously. He couldn't keep out of athletics with his splendid strength, and oh, he certainly can play football!"

Isabel ended her calm speech with a little burst of enthusiasm.

"Don't hector her about it, Mrs. Morrison," Ben Bronson said, as Mrs. Morri-

son was about to reply. "If Isabel has fallen in love with Knowlton and intends to throw me over, I suppose she can't help it."

"Did I say I had fallen in love? And I didn't know I could throw you over without first having taken you on."

"Oh, I just got on by myself," said Ben, "and it will take a good hard throw to get me off."

"For my part, I think Isabel is crazy," commented her mother.

"Sane or crazy, she is Isabel," Ben replied.

"This is boring me simply horribly," remarked the girl. "Would you mind talking of something else?"

The lunch was eaten during a somewhat constrained effort at conversation, and all three were glad when it was over. The room had filled, and outside the red cord impatient and hungry people waited for a chance to eat.

Mrs. Morrison was not going to the game and Isabel and Ben boarded a Cambridge car at the corner. As soon as they were seated Isabel began.

"Mother is so prejudiced against Dick Knowlton, and it just makes me like him all the more. You, at least, admit, Ben, how splendid he is."

"You can't say that I have ever knocked him, Isabel, and I'm not going to do it now. But I think you overestimate Knowlton a little."

"In what way?"

"Well, his athletics have helped him more than you can possibly realize. Everything is made easy for a man who can play football and row the way Knowlton does. There are a lot of poor struggling chaps at Harvard who are working their way through, but you never hear of them because they are all brain and no constitution."

"I have heard you say yourself that he is the idol of the university."

"So he is in athletics. But it is a fact that he has not a single intimate personal friend among the fellows. They are proud to know him, but they don't chum with him. He is naturally reserved and I think a little resentful."

"Resentful! Why? Of whom?"

"The world in general, for not planning his life along easier lines. I give him all credit for what he has accomplished, but the very doing of it has hardened him up. I know I run the risk of your wrath, but I don't think you would be happy if you married him."

"You're jealous!" said Isabel.

"Horribly. But that isn't why I said that. I love you, and if I can't have you I want you to be happy. I'll never say anything against Knowlton again, and whatever happens, I'm your friend for life."

Their eyes met, and Isabel read the devotion she was accustomed to see and unconsciously to look for.

"You are too good to me, Ben," she answered.

The street leading from Harvard Square to the field was closed to carriages, and the long stream of people overflowed the sidewalks and filled the road. The many entrances to the stadium made it an easy matter to find one's seats, and Isabel and Ben were soon in theirs.

It was impossible to survey the scene without a thrill for the beauty and significance of it. The vast structure of the Stadium, a thing perfect in itself, glowed with the rival colors and rang with the rival cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. Below, the freshly marked gridiron waited for the players. It seemed that football was the most important thing in all the world.

It was the home game, and three sides of the field were crimson, the blue occupying the fourth side. There had been exchanges of yells and cheers and songs, each side applauding the other, and now the leaders of the organized cheering were consulting together before the Yale stand. Then they spread out, each man before a section, the head leader on a raised platform in the center. The Yale players ran into the inclosure, and immediately the Yale cheer, sharp and rattling, in perfect time, rent the air. When the players for the crimson came on a few moments later the slow swing of the Harvard cheer led by the youths who swayed their bodies to mark the time, sent its mighty roar to the sky.

There he was. Isabel saw only one figure, the perfect proportions of which not even a disfiguring costume could conceal. Now they were cheering him. His name rang out and thrilled her, voiced by thousands who looked to him to carry the crimson to glory.

Only the afternoon before he had called on her. There had been no practice and he was free. How proud she felt now to remember that she had had this hero all to herself. And how splendidly he had talked about his life and his long struggle against circumstances. He appealed to her for the very reasons that her mother objected to him. He was so different from all the men of her set. He gave her new ideas, new standards of comparison, stirred her out of herself.

Isabel watched the game in silence, wrapped in her thoughts. Ben was shouting wildly, and she was left to her reflections. Again and again his name rang out. She followed his every movement, but without interest in the game save as he appeared or was lost to her sight in the tangles.

Isabel had met Dick Knowlton at a reception the previous winter, where he had been the lion of the occasion. It was known that he had appeared in violation of his usual custom, but the first plunge taken he had begun to swim in the social pool where interesting undergraduates of Harvard are sure of a welcome. Isabel had become interested in him from the first. Ben had talked enough about him to arouse her curiosity and that first afternoon Lucile Walker had him in tow and was parading him so ostentatiously that Isabel felt it must not be permitted. She was small and dark, and Lucile was tall and majestic, with masses of red hair which she wore in a conspicuous fashion.

Isabel had Ben introduce Knowlton, and she got him safely away from Lucile. But to do this she had to give something of herself, to begin at once a sort of intimacy with Knowlton. She had done this before and she felt that it wasn't very nice. But she could always, after the conquest, set a man back if he presumed, and still keep him captive.

Knowlton was different. No ground ever gained by him was ever given up. And Isabel was attracted and repulsed by turns. His strength drew and repelled. He completely upset her balance, and Ben, dear old Ben, whom she had expected to marry some day, seemed a very prosaic person in the light of this new and strong personality.

She knew perfectly well that Knowlton was in love with her and that she liked him to be. But she had held off his declaration, though she knew it was bound to come soon. She wanted to have her mind made up.

Isabel recalled the conversation with her mother the evening before.

"I don't object to him except in the rôle of your husband," Mrs. Morrison had said, "because his life has been so different from yours that your points of view can never be the same. Your temperaments are as far apart as the poles. You can't realize this now, but you would in time. He has a passion for overcoming obstacles, and you for following the line of least resistance. He would never understand you, Isabel, and his judgments would be hard on your failings. You are too emotional and impulsive for him to comprehend. He would take you seriously, never laugh you out of your vagaries, emphasize the trivial in you to your own injustice. You ought to marry a man who looks at all the little things in life as you do; one who regards life as a cheerful undertaking, not as a battlefield."

"Ben, in other words," Isabel had replied. "I know Ben is sweet-natured, but what is sweetness without strength?"

"It is better than strength without sweetness in one's partner for life. But don't make the mistake of supposing that only those who have to struggle are strong."

Isabel recalled Knowlton's summing-up of Ben's character.

"He doesn't know what work means," he had said, squaring his great shoulders. "He has never had a serious ambition, but has merely stepped into the place others have made for him. He is light, absolutely light."

He implied that she, Isabel, had the

right stuff in her, but that her training had been against the development of character. With his help she might grow. He opened a new world to her where her imagination ran riot, a world of striving and achieving. It did not occur to her that perhaps her nature was not fitted to inhabit any world but her own. She found herself feeling contemptuous of her circle of well-established friends. They were light—at least they did not talk of the serious purpose of things.

If he had no chum, as Ben said, wasn't it more proof of his strength and self-sufficiency? Hear them cheer him! As much as one man could in a well-trained team, he was playing the whole game. And he had been a nobody, poor and struggling, and now thirty thousand people hung on his movements. Oh, it was glorious, splendid! Refuse him? There were hundreds of girls present who would point her out as his choice if they knew, and envy her.

Neither side had scored, and the second half was nearly over.

"Knowlton is great," Ben had repeated many times. "We'll score yet."

Even Ben could not resist him, then. What wonder that all Isabel's doubts were swept away in the wild clamor of her physical sense that here, below her, fighting, striving, dauntless, was the perfect man?

And, then, when there remained only a few more minutes of play a spectacular thing happened. There was a fumble,

a struggle, and suddenly the crowd realized that Knowlton had the ball and by hurdling and dodging had freed himself and was making for the Yale goal with a clear field before him. As he touched the ball down behind the posts the crimson throng leaped up and shouted his name again and again, and waved banners and hats and handkerchiefs. Only Isabel and Ben Brownson, by a strange impulse remained seated. They turned and looked into each other's eyes, and Isabel saw the excitement die out of the man's, and a miserable, hopeless longing take its place.

"That settles the game—and everything else, I guess!" he said. "I don't blame you, Isabel, he is magnificent. Only he doesn't love you any more than I do."

Ben's voice broke, and Isabel's heart gave a great throb. Ben was giving her up, renouncing her without a reproach. The tears sprang to her eyes. Why, Ben had been her first sweetheart. He knew her as no one else ever could, all her weaknesses and her whims, and he loved her as she was, in spite of them. Would he go out of her life forever? She gave a little sob and put out her hand.

"Oh, Ben, you were so close to me I couldn't see you. It's you I love, Ben. He has twenty-thousand people to love him, and you have only me."

And there, in the isolation made by the excited people all about them, they leaned towards each other, and each looked deep into the other's eyes and saw the Light!

## The Bond of Fellowship

BY KATHARYN WILSON

IT was only day before yesterday," remarked the captain, ruminatively, as he leaned over the hotel-cuspidor, "that the human animal put on clothes. Hair still grows on his body. Give him a few months out of civilization and he'll show you the kind of beast that's in him. And yet," he added as a qualification, "be-

cause he's a man, he has his limitations as a brute."

Just in from the North, the captain was one of the type of voyagers who take the first ships up in the Spring, and there, in capacity of half skipper, half foreman, oversee the operations at the fishing-banks during the Summer and bring the

pack down in the Fall. There was never one yet who hadn't a story on his return, and since to resist the offer of a pungent tale of the tingling Northland is like turning away from tobacco and whisky, he was surrounded now by the usual lobby crowd.

"We had a case in point at the saltery last Winter," he went on. "The day we landed this Spring, the cook was redding up the dish-cupboard when he stirred up a bit of paper stowed away between some utensils"—he paused to fumble among his pockets—"and documents not being a part of his culinary equipment, he brought it to me. Where the deuce—thought I had it somewhere—yes, here it is," and after smoothing it out he passed it around for inspection.

It was a soiled strip of cheap, red-lined paper, and on it, in a foreign kind of hand, was scrawled the following:

NELSON'S LAGOON, ALASKA, FEB. 22,  
5:25 O'CLOCK, 1903.

I am living in constant fear of my life. So I write this in case it comes in the hands of ennybody. I never know when I will be kild. That pardner I got with me akt so queer he goes weeks without talking only snarling like dog when he says anything. If I lives over this it will be queer I have spent five terrible months with him he is just like a bul-dog. If I missing when ennybody comes enquir what he done with me don't let him escap he done away with me trying to find some esscuse.

God help me

JOHN SWENSON.

"Swenson was one of the two watchmen we left up there last Fall," explained the captain; "the other was a dago. From what I could see when we landed this Spring, they were as friendly as you could expect a Swede and a dago to be, but the letter didn't carry out this idea, so after supper that night I sent for the Swede. At sight of the paper he got red around the gills, and seemed to be suddenly reminded of something he had forgotten, but he veered before all the questions I put to him and wouldn't give me any leeway until I threatened to run down Tony. Then, himself head-on for the rocks, he gave me my course. But I had to make my own soundings, as he kept in pretty shallow water, and as there's no more depth to anything than

you can find in it yourself, you'll have to do your own reckoning, as I did."

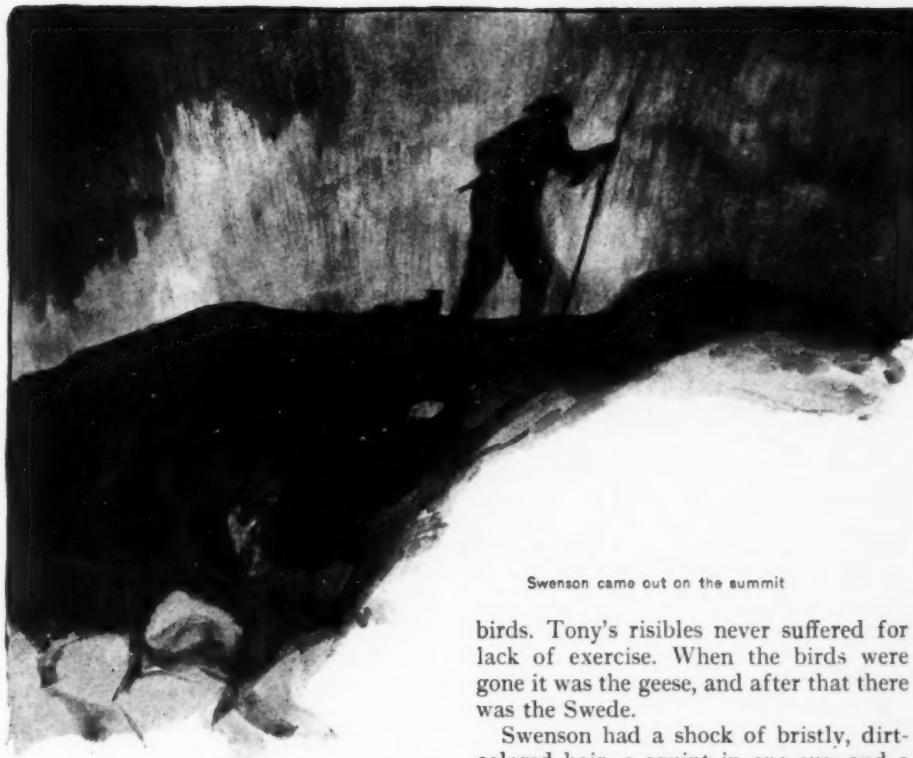
So it is the captain's story, but this is the way it was made out by one who listened:

During the feverish days of the catch, with salmon, swarming the nets and every man-Jack sweating at the slashing and salting, there was no time for one man to take stock of another. And in the interval of meal-and resting-time, each herded with his kind—Mongolian with Mongolian, Saxon with Saxon, Latin with Latin. So when *Zilla*, salt-packed to the decks, at last turned her nose southward and rode away on a flood-tide of mid-August, she left behind her two beings as alien to each other as a great Dane and a bull-pup. But there were eight months of each other's company ahead of them, and with the island a hundred miles from another human, and that one an Aleut, there was little chance of the progress of their acquaintance being interrupted.

The lagoon was literally a screaming wilderness. The raucous cries of thousands of birds nesting in every square foot of the *tundra* turned the days into bedlam and made impotent the human voice. But by contrast, there was the throbbing silence of the long nights beating the ear-drums to the bursting point, and it was then that the two took to speech to break the tension.

Life, with men of their kind, is all external. It is only another word for action. Get the story of their past and their plans for the immediate future and you have all they can give you. Ask them what they think or feel, and they don't know what you mean, for whatever their sensations, they don't think about them. Their inner resources are limited.

While, ordinarily, Swenson was not much for talking, he could do it in fairly good English when he took the trouble, as he did now. On the other hand, the dago could uncoil a chain of lingo that would make a deep water anchor-line look like a watch-guard. So between the two of them and the quiet of the nights, they were left, at the end of six weeks, as drained of ideas as a squeezed sponge.



DRAWN BY VA-TIER BARNES

of water, and knowing all there was to know of each other.

Besides, there was the silence all about them—a silence only broken by the cries of the birds and the *lap-lap* of the water. When men—such men as they—talk amid the silence it seems at first to be only for the purpose of combating the stillness. But at that game the stillness always wins.

It takes an uncommon temperament to find anything funny in a deserted Alaska fish-camp, but Tony—he was great for laughing, was the dago. When the *Zilla* had fled among the islands, belching out her black disgust of the desolate place, the ripples of her snaking wake hissing back at the abandoned shore-line, Tony had laughed. Later, the silly antics of the nesting gulls and their young seemed to tickle his funny-side, and as he watched them all day from the door-step of the bunk-house, Swenson had hard shift to distinguish the racket of the dago's cachinnating *falsetto* from the shrill squawking and chatter of the

Swenson came out on the summit

birds. Tony's risibles never suffered for lack of exercise. When the birds were gone it was the geese, and after that there was the Swede.

Swenson had a shock of bristly, dirt-colored hair, a squint in one eye, and a limp that steered him sidewise when he ambled, much like a big, burly mastiff lazily following a scent, and it was a great lark for Tony to ki-yi at his heels, with white, teasing teeth bared by the laughter-curl of his lips, and now and then a vicious little nip, just to see the larger animal turn with a growl.

Swenson managed not to mind it much at first. It was, maybe, the dago's way of being sociable. He didn't know. But usually, he found it more comfortable to leave Tony to his own devices, and when it came time to forage for the Winter supply of drift-wood, he was glad to meander off alone up the river-bank and along the beach. He made no haste, in spite of the threatening cold, to shut himself up in the *barrabara* with the dago, to wait for the attack of the ice-enemy.

But, in a night, they were taken by surprise. Old King Winter swept down from the Arctic with savage shrieks and whistles to his fighting horde, and in the morning the *tundra* bristled with the ice-swords of a sentinel army. The river crouched a prisoner in a crystal dungeon,

and the lagoon raged and strained in manacles forged of ice.

Close shut in the *barabara* the Swede fed the fire and Tony laughed at him. It took very little to make Tony laugh—a sliver under a nail, a spill of hot grease, a stumble over a log. Swenson was awkward enough at any time, but under the dago's tittering observation, he grew loutish. And the worse he blundered, the louder Tony laughed.

It was in self-defense, finally, that Swenson offered a game of crib, and the Italian, lustng for amusement, took him up. So, over a plank table, they shuffled, played, counted, and pegged; shuffled, played, counted and pegged. The snow piled up, melted and froze; piled up, melted and froze again and again, and by the time it had reached the top of the window, Swenson knew the dago's game to a card, and Tony could tell the Swede's hand to a spot at the first card laid down. It was great sport for Tony. Whether he lost or whether he won, it was always a laugh for him. When Swenson took his time to discard, he was jibed for his slowness; if he hurried his play to forestall the jibe, he was jeered for his stupidity. It lasted six weeks, and then, in a burst of profanity one day, Swenson quit the game.

For a week they slept and ate, ate and slept, but the thirst for action finally drove them out over the snow-crust to the sea-beach, and they came back toting the meat, hide, and tusks of a bull walrus. Swenson set to work at once upon some mukluks, and Tony went at the stringing of a pair of snowshoes—pastimes that served to keep them busy four or five days. But, as usual, the dago finished first, and when his own fingers lay idle again, he amused himself as before with the bungling of the Swede's.

It was after some specially gnawing bit of meanness that morning that the worm turned. With a sudden savage growl, the big fellow grabbed the little one by the collar, shook him till his teeth chattered, and then flung him limp and panting, into a corner.

All that day the dago threw sticks on the fire and glowered. The next he was still black. For a week he moped and

sulked before he found a knife and file and surlily began the carving of a cribbage-board out of the walrus tusk. Swenson, in the meantime, enjoying the immunity and having fished out from somewhere an old book that had been left behind, set himself to read. And that was the end of their having anything to say to each other.

From morning till night, day in and day out, Swenson read and the dago carved, silently. Enough snow had been dug away from the window to let in the daylight that came at ten and left at two; the rest of the time the glow from old Pavloff's crater twenty miles away, the sputter of a candle in a bottle-neck, and the fire-flicker, furnished them all the light they had.

It came over Swenson one day, that it had been some time since he had heard Tony laugh. He had forgotten when it was that the dago had cackled at him last, but after smoking over it for a while, he came to the conclusion that it must have been just before he had shaken the little beast up that time, and gradually the idea seeped through his unsuspicious head that perhaps Tony held it against him.

The dago had taken to squatting in a gloomy corner near the fireplace, and lately the beady, black eyes looked fiercer than commonly, and the lines about the mouth seemed deeper. To Swenson, his jabbings at the ivory had a vicious twist that was not quite comfortable, and the dumb sulkiness of his look was almost a menace.

The Swede stuck to his book. When he had spelled it through three times, he began noting by his watch the number of printed words he could read in a minute. Soon he was stealthily counting behind his page the regular jabs of Tony's knife in the ivory-holes, and he discovered that it took about 230 rasps to each half-hour. Once he made it 242, and again it was only 150, but that was when he had glanced up suddenly and caught the dago's eyes glued on him in a hideous kind of stare. Their looks struck fire over the top of the book, and with an angry snarl the other had shaken himself and shrunk back into the dark. The grinding

of his knife had gone on again after a moment, but irregularly, like the crunching of bones between canine teeth.

For a while, the tension of the days was relieved by the oblivion of the nights, and each rolled into his bunk at the approach of the dark to stay there till morning-hunger drove him out to face the other over the salt-horse and black tea. But when ugly things came scurrying about the heels of night, and dread sneaked in to leer over his shoulder, the dago quivered and whined in his sleep, and Swenson lay awake to listen.

And everywhere was the silence. The breakers dashing among the piled up ice floes on the beach sounded muffled and hollow. Shadowy forms slunk by over the snow with noiseless pats, and overhead a great lid of leaden sky closed down around the horizon and sealed them up hermetically in an ice tomb. Here the two men faced each other every minute of the day, and each minute hated each other the more. For it had come to that—hate, and half the hate was fear.

The morning the cribbage-board neared its finish, Swenson calculated carefully out of the tail of his eye the number of final jabs it would take. It was a fancy job Tony had done, with ugly faces and beasts standing out all over the tusk, and it had taken weeks. Now that it neared the end, each scrape and rasp of the knife seemed to saw off so many chunks of time—time that counted for much to the Swede, for after the cribbage-board was done, what would Tony do? There was nothing more to carve but the deal table, and that was too soft a game for one who had ground for two months on ivory. The set of the dago's jaw, the gleam of his eye, the knots in his wrist were not for child's play.

There came, at length, the last scrape. Tony laid down his knife, and in lifting the carving to blow off the dust, he looked up to catch the Swede watching him. Swenson braved the scowl. It might be well to be sociable with Tony.

"All done?" he asked, and the man in the shadow jumped. It was the first sound of a voice either had heard in five weeks. But the answer was only an ugly growl, as its utterer crawled farther back

in his corner and began the polishing.

For two hours his arm worked like a piston, the tusk getting shinier and shinier—almost as shiny as the teeth flashing between his drawn lips. But in the end he put down his work, leaned back against the mud wall, and for the first time since beginning, was still—ominously still.

Swenson was not fooled. He knew the dago was peering at him under one half-closed lid, stealthily as an idle dog with one eye out for danger, and unconsciously he edged a little nearer the wood-pile, noting, in the act, a knotty club that lay handy.

The fire died down and went out, because neither moved to replenish it. It was storming outside—storming white cats—and the drift was piling up higher and higher, the room growing colder and darker every minute.

Suddenly, there was a snarl and shuffle in the corner, and Swenson sprang to his feet, the club in his hand. He stood like a hound at bay, the muscles of his neck and wrist flexing for the attack, his eye alert for treachery.

There was little room to dodge, to spring aside, to throw out the hands. The only thing to do was to meet it, face to face, fist to fist. But when it came it was not where the Swede expected. There was a crouch, a leap, a clinging weight, a straddle of wiry legs about his hips, and the dago was at his throat, teeth, and claws.

But the clutch left Swenson's arms free, and they were big arms, bony and brawny. Dropping the club, they shot out now like catapults, one on either side of the jaw, and before the Italian had got more than a choking grip, he lay stunned on the floor.

Swenson stood over him and watched the ghastly look leave his face, the muscles take on motion, the eyelids flutter open. And then the dago was on his feet, his hands fumbling about stupidly in the shadows to emerge presently with the snowshoes. These strapped on feverishly he jammed a fur cap over his eyes, jerked open the door, and staggered out into the blinding sleet.

It was that night that Swenson toiled

over the letter. It was not that he was afraid of the dago so long as he could see him. But the treachery in the Latin blood was what he feared, a stick in the dark, a strangle-hold from behind. He knew he could not always be on the alert, could never match the dago's swiftness. So he couched the scrawled note in the best terms he knew—those of the novels he had read—and when it was done he made his way out through the storm to the bunk-house, cached it where he knew it would be found, and went back to the *barrabara* to wait.

Tony came in with the morning, snow-caked and dead tired; and just behind him a dark, soft-patting form slunk down over the snow to the window-ledge of the *barrabara*, snuggled close up against the warm pane, and curled into a pose for slumber. Tony's gulped meal, washed down with acrid tea, was hardly swallowed when he, too, rolled over and fell into a logy sleep.

That night he was off again, and as he made his way up over the drifts before the door, the fox crawled out from his window-lodging, leaped to flirt a lithe tongue over the swarthy hand, and followed the dago away over the white waste.

This was the beginning of nightly exoduses on the part of the two. They left at the first gloom of dusk in the afternoon, and came back at daybreak, only to curl up stupidly and go to sleep.

The Swede was puzzled for a time to know what the dago ate, for now he never had a meal in the *barrabara*. But when tufts of fur and smears of blood congealed on his face and clothes and the fox came in licking his chops, the puzzle was solved. The dago was living on raw meat.

If Swenson had been afraid before of the sullen silence, the gloomy menace of the Italian's look, the crafty watchfulness of his eye, he was scared now by the wild abandon that had made his companion the next thing to a beast. The prowler was foully dirty, his hair was left to straggle over blood-shot eyes, and his beard grew frowsy in the hollows of his cheeks. The only language he seemed to know was a hoarse kind of snarl. There

were times when Swenson himself took to the wastes during the day to be out of the sight of him.

One night he decided to follow them—the man and the fox—and see for himself what orgies the two held out there alone. He waited until they had got well away from the camp before he crept out, climbed and slid over the drifts, and then loped off at his side-wise gait toward the point where he had seen them disappear. The tracks led him far over the level stretch, straight back across the frozen river toward the foot-hills of the mainland, and once, as he came up to the ridge of a hummock, he caught a glimpse of the two black forms silhouetted against the flickering glow of the northern lights, crouching low against the wind as they streaked it along the horizon.

At length, foot-sore and lung-smarting, Swenson came out onto the summit of a small mountain and looked down into a wooded basin that stretched way below, its rocky sides circling to make of it a natural game-pot. Even as he looked, dark things darted in and out from the tree-clumps and boulders, and queer, weird cries echoed up to him through the crystal air.

As he stood there, gaping, a sudden, clear, strange kind of yodle, half bark, half laughter, rang out from the rocks below somewhere to his right, and instantly there was a pandemonium of howls, barkings, and cachinnations from every part of the wilderness beneath. At the same time, two figures appeared out of the shadows on one side of the pot, and leaping and capering, bounded down onto the level to vanish among the trees. They were the dago and the fox.

Then the Swede witnessed a crazy spectacle. By ones and twos and threes, by groups and by packs, bushy-tailed creatures swept out into the open, and when they met, the whole tribe of wild things held a frenzied carnival that turned the echoing crater-basin into a cavern of hell.

They scrambled and floundered and pranced and danced. They leaped and rolled, they raced and wrestled and capered. Then, of a sudden, from the midst

of the confusion of purring and snarling and growling, there arose a wild scream of riotous laughter—laughter from some unseen thing somewhere there below, a shrilly chattering, cackling thing that Swenson knew to be the dago.

The Swede turned and fled, awe and fear and horror clutching at his heels. Tearing into the *barabara* almost at daybreak, he slammed the door behind him and sank down exhausted against it. If Tony should come home alive—

But Tony did not come back. All that day the Swede watched and listened; and the second day and the third. But when the morning of the fourth broke without a sign of him, Swenson's dread that he might come turned to alarm that he wouldn't. For in spite of his fear, the Swede had no liking for the idea of a human—even a crazy human—being torn to pieces to make a meal for wild beasts.

Twice, while the winter grew old, he made long trips out over the frozen *tundra*, once at night to the crater-basin;

but neither time was there a sign of man or fox. Day after day, night after night went by. The sun came earlier and went later, and animals on the mainland across the river were getting bolder. Swenson could hear their cries as they circled the camp on their night-raids, and once, when he sneaked out to spy on them, they got his scent, and he stumbled back into the *barabara* barely in time.

A week or two later, old King Winter succumbed to senile decay and grew maudlin. And in his last days his sentinel army melted away, the crystal dungeon opened up, and the ice manacles dropped from his prisoners.

Swenson was restless. He should have stayed inside the *barabara*, for the slush and water and mud everywhere were enough to swamp a man. The *tundra* reeked with rotten moss and grasses, and was treacherous with bog-holes that sucked a body down like quick-sands. But the Swede hated the sight of the empty mud-walls, and beside, he still had not given up the search for Tony. Certain as he was, now, that the man had been eaten by wolves somewhere back there in the hills, something kept him looking—something inside that made him ashamed, that sent him out time after time, along the beach and across the *tundra* and back to the river-bank.

He was hopping along now from mud-hummock to mud-hummock, picking a foot-hold among the tangled roots and moss-knots, his mukluks heavy with sticky clay, when, without a warning, he dropped into the ooze up to his hips.

He knew better than to move. It was



Every instant gave the mud a firmer grip

DRAWN BY VA-TIER BARNES

a bog-hole, close-clinging, clayey, down-sucking, and bottomless. To flounder about, grab at the yielding root-clumps, wriggle his legs—all that only bore him down farther. He slipped fast enough when he was still; already he was in up to his waist.

He looked about him. Two feet beyond the reach of his arm was a piece of drift-log. In front and on the other side, the slime edged the firmer ground four feet away. All around him frail reeds grew up rank and rootless out of the mush. Looking back the way he had come, he could just see the top of the bunk-house, and overhead, one of the first of the early gulls careened in vain for a dry nesting-place.

Glancing down, he watched the bubbles spitting up around him. The water had already soaked the fiber of his mackinaw, sagging it on his shoulders, and the mud had settled in close to his body, pressing against his legs, filling his mukluks, weighting him down.

"She bane a darn poor place to die," he remarked aloud, and the words brought a picture of Tony, bleeding, torn, pulled to pieces, perhaps, by hungry wolves, and he smiled, grimly. That was quick, but this—

All at once, he flew into a blind rage. It was not fair play! A creature in the fullness of life looked Death in the face and called him a coward. To go down alive in a hole like this, to smother and strangle in ooze and slime, to die—alone! The hate of it welled up with the blood into his throat to choke him, and in a livid frenzy at defeat, he lifted his voice and screamed, a scream but half human, half articulate, that shrieked out over the empty waste to shatter even the cries of the birds.

But on the instant there came back—an echo? The *tundra* never knew an echo. It was a cry, the cry of a creature, another creature out there somewhere, who lived and hated death, too. Without believing, without thinking, without hoping, but only in a wild impulse to answer being to being, in the instinctive yearning toward a fellow, he yelled again, and again and again. And then, squishing over the oozy moss, Tony came toward him.

The Swede knew what it was. The dago had come back to haunt him, to jibe him, to jeer at him in the hour of his death. He would stand there and watch him go down; watch the slime creep up around his chin, into his mouth, nose, eyes, and then, as he sank, Tony would lean over the bog, poke him with his long mountain-stick, and laugh!

By darn, Tony shouldn't see him a coward. The dago's ghost should watch a Swede die a worse death than being chewed by wolves, and never wink an eye. And clamping his lids together, Swenson shut out the sight of him.

"W'at in-a t'under-a you do?"

The voice was no ghost voice. Swenson opened his eyes, and the figure before him, dancing about like a crazy dervish, was no ghost figure. It was Tony, dirty, hairy, and in rags, but Tony, hunting about him with a wild eye for a bit of log, a stone anything to stand on for a minute. All at once, catching sight of the piece of drift-wood only two feet from Swenson's arm, he hopped onto it.

"By Heaven!" cried Swenson, hoarsely, "she blame poor place to die, Ay say?"

The dago made no answer. He was tearing the rags of his shirt into strips and knotting them together. When he had got as much rope as they would make, he tied a hand-hold in each end and threw one to the Swede, slipping the other about his own wrist. The log he stood on was fairly firm in a bed of twisted roots, and bracing himself with his mountain-stick against it, he leaned forward.

"You kick-a de leg," he commanded, "you hang-a de rope."

With the strain for a counter-force Swenson made a violent flounder, lurched out his legs, and the mud gave. His big body moved a trifle to the side, and he turned toward the stump. But it was only a trifle. Another heave and pull, and he was two inches nearer; one more, and the log was still a foot and a half away.

Tony wrapped the wool rope tighter around his wrist and leaned nearer. The sweat was pouring down his forehead, the cords of his neck and shoulders were standing out in bunches, and his hands

were blue with the strain around his arteries. But there was no time to pause, for every instant gave the mud a firmer grip.

Swenson looked at the drift-log. It had sunk almost out of sight in the swamp, but it still held firm. He grabbed a new hold on the rope with one hand. The other, by now within a foot of the edge, he stretched out toward a knob on the log.

"Now!" he said.

One gigantic effort, and his fingers touched wood, clung, gripped, and held. Tony had seized the other hand. Slowly, carefully, steadily, not to dislodge the support, the two pulled together. And in the end, the Swede lay half out of the bog, limp but safe.

When, after a breathing-spell, he finally hunched himself out and stood up

sidewise on a clump of coarse grass, a great, burly, lumbering mud-man, his squint eye batting under spatters of slime that clung to the lid, his dirt-colored hair now dirty in truth, he knew himself for a spectacle.

The dago looked him over, at first with the old, fierce stare. But gradually there came a change. His eye grew mild, then quizzical, a familiar gleam stole into the black of it, and all at once with a whoop, he doubled up in a fit of roaring laughter, not the old cackle.

Swenson risked the peril of losing his footing again to reach over with his hand.

"Mooch oblige, Tony, you blame fool," he said, his voice a little shaky, "Coom on home!"

And they went back to the *barrabara* together.

## Monsieur Parapluie

BY KATE ARMS

IT was midday, yet the freshness of the morning still lingered. There had been an early shower, and Paris gleamed forth brilliantly. A cool sweet breeze tossed the green of the trees against the blue sky and set the flowers in the window-boxes dancing.

A *fiacre* rattled down one of the innumerable small streets diverging from the Place de l'Opera, and in it a blue sunshade fluttered like a huge anemone. Under it sat a young and prepossessing lady of about twenty. She spoke to the driver and he drew up sharply before a small shop. The lady frowned nearsightedly at the open door.

"She is not here. What shall I do?" she murmured under her breath. She glanced covertly from under her rose-laden hat at the *cocher's* back. "I don't like this beast. I won't drive about with him any longer. I'll just wait until Aunt Helen comes."

She stepped lightly down, with a frou-frou of pretty finery, giving a soft pat to her skirts as she reached the pavement.

There she haughtily dismissed the *cocher*—haughtily because she was alone, and because she was afraid of him, of all Parisian *cochers*, in fact. Then she turned towards the shop.

PIERRE BROCHARD

*Magasin des Parapluies et Ombrelles.*

The girl stepped half hesitatingly over the threshold. It was empty except for one clerk and a customer, a man half hidden behind a bristling phalanx of gay parasols. The clerk obsequiously begged *mademoiselle's* errand.

"Mme. Merrill has ordered two parasols," said the girl in French. "It was M. Brochard who waited on us."

*Magasin des Parapluies et Ombrelles.* he will return presently," bowed the clerk.

"I am to wait for Mme. Merrill, so do not disturb *monsieur* until she arrives," replied the young lady. She sat down with great dignity near the door, as far as possible from the two men.

After an interval she glanced discreetly from under her white brimmed hat at them. The customer's back was

toward her, broad-shouldered, draped in rough gray tweeds. "An American, of course," she commented contemptuously, forgetting for the nonce that she was one herself, yet sensibly relieved that the light gray back belonged to her own country and not to Europe.

The scorned American was gingerly holding a wonderful mass of white chiffon and lace, *bouffant* as the skirts of a ballet-dancer, painted with garlands of roses and pale green leaves.

"A fashion-note would call it a confection," thought the girl admiringly. "I'd call it confectionery; looks good enough to eat; just like a wedding-cake, too."

The little clerk dexterously twirled it open and held it out with an eloquent gesture. The customer seemed impressed in an uncertain way. He took it between smooth brown fingers. A sudden thought struck him.

"*Mais—mais—ce—ce ah—*" he floundered dismally, and beat the long ivory-mounted handle with a desperate hand.

The clerk waited, expectant and patient.

"*Ce n'est pas bon,*" severely essayed the American, his strange accent more pronounced under stress of the unresponsiveness of his French vocabulary. He beat with more emphasis the full length of the white handle, as if it were a keyboard.

"Ah, *monsieur!*" protested the clerk, hurt to the quick and gently possessing himself of the parasol. "*Mais voyez!*" he gesticulated and went off into an unintelligible rhapsody on the beauty of the handle.

"*Non, non!*" impatiently interposed the man. "I mean, oh, *ce-ci*," tapping the handle, "*c'est trop long.*"

The clerk shrugged his shoulder pityingly and curled his lip. "*C'est la meilleure mode,*" he frigidly retorted.

"Oh, no doubt," muttered the man, "but *c'est trop long*, just the same. *Voyez. C'est trop long, pour—pour—*"

He whirled about on his heel, as if in search for the word he could not command. His worried gray eyes fell upon the young lady. He saw her as a blur of pale blue and pink exhaling an atmos-

phere of amused comprehension—American comprehension at that. He whirled back more annoyed than before.

"*Ce handle-ci,*" he continued in a lower tone, "*est trop long, parceque j'ai—oh, I say, can't you understand any English at all?*"

The clerk again shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head.

"*Je ne comprends pas d'Anglais, mais M. Brochart—*"

"Oh hang it all," breathed the baffled shopper blasphemously. He laid the parasol on the table with a final air.

This was too much for his watching countrywoman. "Pardon me, sir, but I understand a little French. May I not help you?"

He turned quickly, taking off his hat. "Oh, I'd be so much obliged," he fervently exclaimed, going to her. "You see—"

The girl rose. "Yes?" she threw out tentatively.

But English seemed to have become as difficult a mode of expression to the young man as French had been. He picked up the parasol with odd diffidence. "You see—" he again essayed, looking at the blue eyes under the rose-garlanded hat, "this handle—By the way, do you think it is pretty enough?" He stammered painfully.

"It's for the girl he's engaged to," flashed through the girl's mind.

"It's good style and all that," he self-consciously frowned.

"Of course it's for her. That settles it, Monsieur Parapluie," decided the young lady. "It's exquisite," she said aloud.

"I'm glad you think so," he sighed in relief, turning it around with vague distrust. "I thought it seemed a pretty jolly sort of one, but I'm not up on this kind of thing. Well, that's all right then. Now the trouble's with this handle, it's too long."

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "it's just the right length. Beautiful."

The man laughed merrily, a good hearty laugh. The girl trusted him implicitly from the moment she heard it.

"Oh please," he exclaimed between breaths, "don't misunderstand me in English as the clerk has in French. I've got



DRAWN BY ROY H. BROWN

The American was holding a wonderful mass of chiffon

to carry it in a steamer-trunk, and this handle is impossible. I don't know the word for double-up or bend. Heavens! It's more complex to shop than to eat in French."

The young lady giggled deliciously, revealing two dimples. "Is that all! That's easily arranged."

She turned to the hovering clerk. "Monsieur is charmed with the parasol and the handle likewise, but he is obliged to carry it to America in his portmanteau, and if the handle does not now unscrew, be good enough to fix it so that it will."

The clerk rolled his head comprehendingly.

"Oh, oh, merci, mademoiselle, merci. Est ce tout? C'est très simple, très simple."

Still wagging his head, he vivaciously unscrewed the parasol handle, and with the grand air of a conjurer exhibiting a

feat, held up a piece in either hand.

"All right, all right. *Gott sei dank.* Beg your pardon! *Dieu* be thanked. Bundle it up."

The young man turned to his interpreter with an engaging air of gratitude. "Don't see how I can ever properly thank you. It was a very important purchase."

The conscious look again transfused his easy manner with confusion.

"I wonder if she's as nice as he is," thought the girl. "I am sure I'm only too glad," she said aloud, "to be of any assistance to a fellow-countryman among the barbarians."

He was walking back to the door with her. He thought he had never seen such lovely color; her cheeks flushed with pink like the proverbial peach; her brown hair was full of golden light, and each time she gave him a nun-like glimpse of her soft blue eyes, he had sub-conscious

electric cognizance that he was talking to someone he knew, that he had touched something real in life.

"How did you know I was an American, too?" he asked, placing a chair for her.

"How did you know I was?" she dimpled, and they both laughed together. "We can't get away from it, though I do wear a mushroom hat, and—"

She stopped, flecking imaginary dust from her glove.

"And I," he concluded gladly, "English tweeds." They laughed again.

"Alice," called a *contralto* voice. Suddenly they realized what a pleasant moment was ended, and suffered keen disappointment.

"Oh, Aunt Helen," responded the young lady with a guilty start towards the newcomer. A slight, gray-haired woman, dressed in black, stood silhouetted in the doorway. She almost immediately sank languidly into a chair.

"I'm exhausted from my struggle through the Bon Marché," she said with a pleasant lingering drawl. "It's worse than a cheap department store in New York. The silk was all gone, of course."

She slowly fanned herself and looked from her niece inquiringly to the man. She was a mild-eyed woman, with a half abstracted manner, habitual to her, and carried a distinct atmosphere of very circumspect good breeding mingled with an inconsequence that would allow her, for instance, to leave a young, very pretty niece alone in the streets of Paris. She directed another look at the young man.

He stepped forth handsomely. "I have been thanking your niece, madam," he frankly blurted, "for helping me out of a hole with some appropriate French. I'd have had to give up my present but for her kind intervention. I hope I may be able to return the favor some day," he ended with boyish good feeling.

His parcel was under his arm, he vacillated a moment, glancing half hopefully from the elder to the younger woman and back again. Mrs. Merrill bowed with imperturbability, murmuring an impersonal "thank you," while the girl stared half vexed, as if expecting something more. The young man lingered an instant, then

with another bow, and a smiling don't-forget-me look at the blue eyes under the rose wreathed hat, strode out of the shop.

"Oh dear!" pouted Alice. "Aunt Helen, how could you! He was dear."

"What have I done, pray? When you strike up acquaintance with strange brown Americans in Paris shops what is the proper etiquette to follow, please? Should I have given him my card and asked him to call?"

"Bother!" cried Alice with a quick caress. "But anyhow, why shouldn't I know Monsieur Parapluie?"

"Monsieur—what?"

"Parapluie. Such a gorgeous one; for his *fiancée*, of course. You should have seen him blush when he had to talk about it. He has awfully nice manners and the loveliest clothes. I'm sure I don't know a boy or man at home any nicer. Oh, here's Monsieur Brochard with the parasols."

It was Sunday and the Merrills were in Fontainebleu. It was one of those untimely hot days that now and then swoop down upon it and leave the banners drooping. The sky was overcast, the air close, the pale green foliage of the trees hung lifeless, and the humidity drew from the ground and pavements a faint, dead, earthy odor.

Mrs. Merrill sighed and delicately pressed her handkerchief over her hot face.

"Going to rain, too. Serves us right for not waiting until the Dents reach Paris."

"Aunt Helen, listen! We're too hot to enjoy the palace. Let's drive in the forest first. If it rains later when we're indoors, it won't matter. See? We can get all smoothed out and cool. Shall we?"

Mrs. Merrill, with a slight return of animation, followed her niece towards the apparently endless line of nondescript vehicles.

"You let me do this, auntie," ordered the girl. "Baedecker warns us of the exorbitance of these Fontainbleu *cochers*. We've got to drive a sharp bargain. You're such a dear, soft, Southern lady that they'd charge you a *louis* just to look at their old carriages."

"How much for an hour's drive in the forest," she graciously asked of the first man in line.

He was a spare, sinister-eyed creature with fierce mustaches.

"Twelve francs, *mademoiselle*," he responded, lazily rising.

"*Trop cher!*" firmly replied Alice.

The man indifferently shrugged his shoulders, spreading his hands with a gesture of final withdrawal.

She moved to the next one. Alas, she passed from bad to worse. And so with the next. In vain her prettiest smile, her most ingratiating manner. She stood before the last but one.

"*Combien?*" she broadly grinned at the last man.

"*Combien?*" she quavered, giggling at the absurdity of her humiliating progress. At "Twelve francs," she moved on with a gasp.

He was sitting, with his head bent, on the low step of the carriage. He looked up quickly without rising, surprised.

"Monsieur Parapluie!" she involuntarily cried.

The man jumped up, tearing off his panama. "Oh, how do you do," he ejaculated. He took in both of the ladies with a beaming glance.

Alice, crimson with suppressed laughter, could not speak. "It's too dreadful," she at last found breath to say, looking gleefully up at the gray eyes. Again Monsieur Parapluie felt that subconscious electric cognizance of meeting someone known long ago—"but I thought you were the *cocher*."

He threw back his head and laughed spontaneously. "I had an idea that you said '*combien?*' but wasn't sure."

"Alice, how could you!" murmured Mrs. Merrill.

"Well, how could I help it? Monsieur Para—*Monsieur* wears a panama, though not like the *cochers*, and that's all of him I saw. It does sound like an insult, I know, but sometimes *cochers* look quite adorable." She dimpled provokingly. "The one who drove us to the hotel when we landed in Paris was beautiful, just like the old engravings of Byron."

"Alice!" feebly protested her aunt.

"We've been having the most awful

time," she went on demurely. "I've been trying to engage a carriage for the forest but they're all cutthroats and thieves. I'd rather give up the drive than encourage them in such extortion."

Monsieur Parapluie laughed delightedly. "And you ended up with me? What a joke. I haven't turned *cocher* yet but I will if you say the word."

He looked at Mrs. Merrill.

"You don't intend to run off with the carriage?" she drawled in some alarm.

"It's mine!" he declaimed.

"Yours?" echoed the ladies.

"Well, not in the most exact sense. I've hired it, and when the person who steers the craft returns, it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to turn the whole outfit over to you."

"You are too good," politely responded Mrs. Merrill, "but we couldn't think of such a thing."

"Oh please! please!" he cried. "And Miss—your niece—you see, I owe her a good turn for that day in the umbrella shop."

Alice very much wished to accept Monsieur Parapluie's invitation. He did look attractive to her adventurous young eyes—English tweeds and all. She could keep silent no longer when she saw he was hurt by her aunt's continued refusal. Then she caught a whiff of lilac perfume born from some garden on a sudden-dying breeze. Her youth and energy reasserted themselves and she burst out:

"Aunt Helen, please let's go; that is if Mr.—"

"Graham," he eagerly interposed, "Robert Graham."

"If Mr. Graham will join us, and his *cocher* isn't too exorbitant. Oh yes, we must be practical. My aunt is afraid to say why she won't accept; but that's it."

Mrs. Merrill flushed. "Oh my child, you are a terrible infant," she groaned.

Then she also caught the whiff of lilac blooms from the garden. Springtime saved the day.

"Ah, well," she slowly smiled, "if, as my niece so bluntly states it, we share all responsibilities."

"I'm awfully glad," said Graham, "to get you at any price. I was going to be horribly bored driving alone."

He looked at Alice. Their eyes met in gay understanding.

"Get right in."

"*Combien?*" naughtily inquired Alice.

O drive of wonder! To Robert Graham the roads, festooned with sweetly smelling garlands and hung round with rosy clouds, led through Elysian fields. Not that he expressed it thus. He was too matter of fact for that, but he knew the joyousness of which poets sing and to which responsive youth is uplifted. He sat sidewise beside the inert driver, the better to see Alice and to converse with Mrs. Merrill. Each glance from the girl's blue eyes, each remark in her soft voice that had caught some of the Southern mellow ness from her Memphis aunt, set the blood singing to his brain in a gay intoxication. He rattled on.

Alice felt a little tired after the excitement of this encounter and sat silent.

"Now, of course, auntie will ask him to call and we'll be friends," she was thinking contentedly. "Oh dear, but he's engaged. No man's quite the same after that, though I don't see why I should care whether he's engaged to ten girls!" She impatiently turned away her head and looked at the roadside.

Graham imagined he was boring her, and fell silent.

But in May, under the forest's green canopy, elastic spirits cannot droop long, and soon he rattled on again, telling of his trip, what he knew of Fontainebleau, where he was stopping in Paris, how at the week's end his solitary sight-seeing would be broken by the coming of a college-friend and his family.

A sudden gust of wind sent dust and leaves flying in their faces. The *cocher* turned the carriage about and with a crack of his whip hurried towards the palace. None too soon. The rain fell in great drops as they all but ran across the courtyard.

Alice raised her sunshade as she went. "One of M. Borchard's," she said mischievously.

Graham was holding his umbrella over the slowly moving Mrs. Merrill.

"Papa Brochart is a great friend of mine," he earnestly responded. "Glad you patronize him."

It was dusk when they reentered Paris. Graham parted from the ladies at the *gare*.

"You will come and take tea with us soon, I hope," cordially said Mrs. Merrill.

"Indeed, thank you, I shall be only too pleased," he beamed.

"Now," sighed Alice in satisfied tones, as they jogged towards home, "didn't I tell you? Isn't he a dear?" She snuggled an arm through her aunt's.

Mrs. Merrill was wondering why Napoleon transferred poor Marie Antoinette's mirrored bathroom from Versailles to Fontainebleau; if it was a republican or an aesthetic sentiment or merely personal vanity. She distractingly murmured, "Who?"

"Why, Monsieur Parapluie, of course," blushed the girl.

What a strangely elastic quality is Time. One hour, empty, perchance, as a beggar's pocket, another crammed with the gold of the Indies.

Alice, going over for the hundredth time her encounters with Robert Graham was suddenly aware they had met only twice. It was Thursday afternoon. She sat before the long mirror in her bedroom twisting up her soft, shining hair. She and her aunt had been out Tuesday when Graham called, and to-day he was coming, by special invitation, for a cup of tea. She looked critically at herself in the mirror, then pulled her small tilted nose with dissatisfaction.

"If only I had a nose," she thought. Then she waved her hair-brush in sudden rage at her reflection. "What's the use!" she stormed, "when he's engaged."

Mrs. Merrill had an appointment with her dressmaker and left shortly after Graham's arrival.

"Jove, that's luck!" he delightedly thought. "She's awfully nice, but—" He looked at Alice with devouring eyes.

She was sitting, busily important, before the tea-table, which stood in one of the windows, measuring tea and arranging cups with fluttering, bird-like gestures. The noise of the distant street blew gayly in on a light breeze, swaying the tea-cloth and setting some bright

tendrils of hair about Alice's face astir.

"It's awfully nice seeing you do that," he said contentedly. "Sort o' homey, don't you know. Makes me realize how I've been knocking around all these weeks like some tramp."

"Is that so?" smiled Alice with ingenuous pleasure. "Auntie and I have grown as bad as two old tabbies about our tea since we acquired a tea-basket. Have to have it, no matter where we are, when the hour comes."

"Just like the Dents."

"The — who?" she asked in startled surprise.

"The Dent's, my chum's family, you know. They arrive to-night, and then I'll be having tea at my hotel, too."

"Oh!" Alice flushed a deep pink to the lobes of her small ears. The Dents! How unbelievable. Their friends! Why, then, it must be Julia Dent he was engaged to — bought the parasol for. Julia had been writing mysteriously of a "Mr. G." she was tremendously interested in; said she'd tell her all about it when they met, implying it was altogether serious. Alice felt suddenly very lonely and miles away. She bent down and looked at the flame under the kettle.

"Dent?" she repeated. "That's odd. We're expecting friends of that name to-night, too. The John Dents."

"I say," burst forth Robert, "this is

great. Those are my friends. Funny we didn't find it out sooner."

"Yes, wasn't it," acquiesced Alice nervously. "One lump, or two-or-how many?"

"Glad you put it that way. Three, please. One to sweeten the tea, one to amuse myself smashing up with my spoon, and one for good luck."

Alice handed the tea with lowered eyes.

"I'll be awfully glad to see Julia," she said with an attempt at enthusiasm. "We haven't seen each other for almost a year, and we both hate to write letters. So you can imagine what heaps of things we've got to say to each other."

Graham was staring at her with puzzled eyes. He hunched his chair nearer the table to the imminent danger of his tea.

"Look here, have you a nickname, Molly Mill?"

Alice laughed a delicious *arpeggio* and nodded.

"Well then, I have heard about you. Why even to-day—"

He fumbled in his breastpocket and brought out a

package of letters.

"In this postal from Fred—"

He dropped in his eagerness two or three letters. One, unstamped, lay facing Alice. It was in Graham's own hand. Alice knew, for had she not been studying his writing all the morning from the note accepting the afternoon's invita-



DRAWN BY ROY H. BROWN

She was sitting before the tea table

tion? It bore the inscription, simple but lucid, "To Julia, *Mia*."

Graham went on eagerly. "See here, in the corner of the card? 'Have you run across our Molly Mill? We'll be having lively times when the bunch of us are together in sad old Paree.'"

"Well, we're here," said Alice with a shrug and an airy gesture.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the young man, in almost awed tones.

He set his cup down untouched and leaned towards her.

"You know," he hesitated, "I—I can't tell you what it's meant to me meeting you. I've never known any girl that—well you're different—and—I'm just happy—to be near you, and—it's just as if I'd known you years and years, instead of one week."

Alice sat motionless, her hands clasped tightly. Her heart seemed to have stopped beating. Then she abruptly went to the window and pulled aside the curtain.

"It gets warm here when the wind blows from the other side of the house," she explained.

Then her woman's love of the possession of a situation came to her rescue. She stepped forth upon her little stage, a glint of cruelty in the soft blue eyes.

"You are complimentary, Mr. Graham, to say such nice things to me. But it's not surprising you should feel as if you knew me. Fred—" She paused maliciously, then added hastily, "and Julia, are such old friends of mine. Then my aunt and Mrs. Dent were schoolgirl-friends to begin with. Wont you have some more tea? I'm afraid that's cold."

Graham felt as if he had committed some terrible blunder. It was difficult and unusual for him to express his deepest feelings—it hurt him almost; and now—! He was crushed—frozen. There was no mistaking her tone of sharp displeasure. And what was this about Fred? Many little forgotten incidents flashed across his mind. Then there was something between Fred and "Molly Mill." That was it, and he was butting in like the fool he was—just a raw outlander!

He picked up the letters from the floor and jammed them into his pocket.

"You wont have any more tea?" she

smiled almost coquettishly. "That's too bad, for this is beautifully hot. A pretty cosy, isn't it? Julia Dent sent it to me from Liberty's. Didn't you adore Liberty's? Auntie simply had to lock me up at the last, I spent so much money there. I suppose it's the way drunkards feel. They just must-have-one-more-look inside the door."

She leaned back easily and smiled out of cold eyes at poor Graham, who sat miserable.

He stood up. "Must be going, Miss Merrill. Awfully sorry not to be able to wait for Mrs. Merrill, but it's getting late and I must go to the *gare* to meet the Dents, you know."

"Oh, of course. I might have known," returned Alice in her most social manner. "So stupid of me. Aunt Helen will be so sorry to find you gone. It was very nice of you to come this afternoon considering, and we appreciate it immensely. Be sure to give my welcome to Paris to them all, and say that auntie and I shall be round after dinner. We'll probably meet often now, Mr. Graham. You know the Dents and we expect to join forces. Good-by."

Five minutes later, when Mrs. Merrill made her leisurely way into the sitting-room, she found two empty chairs and a disarrayed tea-table.

She knocked at her niece's door and was answered by a muffled voice.

"May I come in? Why did Mr. Graham go so soon? I hope your head isn't aching again."

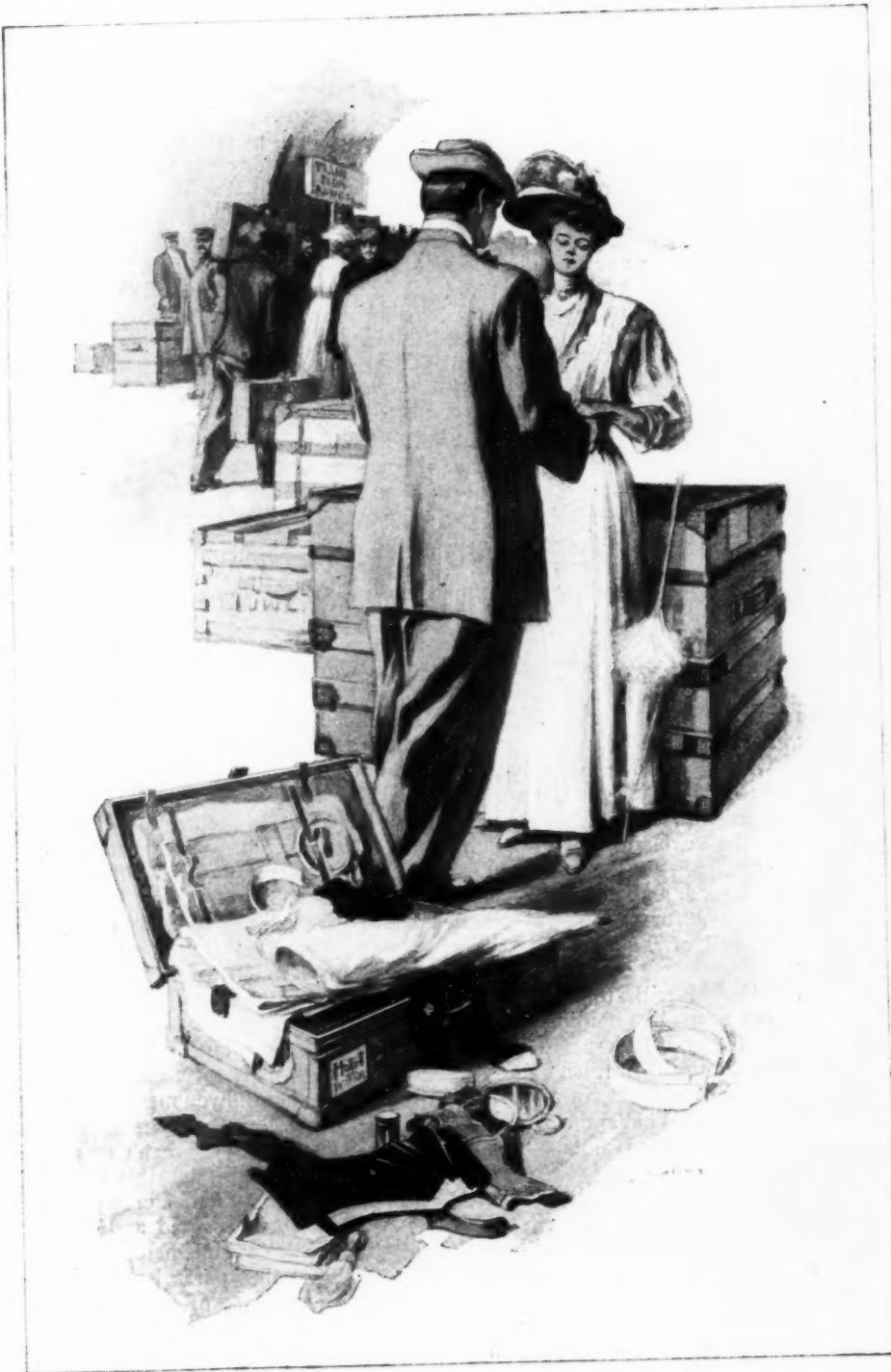
"Yes it is," replied the voice in choked tones, "but come in auntie, dear. I've a joke to tell you."

The door opened. Alice stood on the threshold, flushed and a trifle red about the eyes, but smiling gayly.

"Our Dents," she dramatically weighed each word, "are the friends Monsieur Parapluie is to travel with."

The next four days were a painful blur to "Molly Mill," who in spite of a gayly set head and a tip-tilted nose, possessed, alas, a pair of soft blue eyes.

The pleasure of being with the Dents was spoiled by Julia's constant hints, avoid her as she would, at some wonder-



DRAWN BY ROY H. BROWN

She dropped her eyes and slowly nodded

ful news about herself soon to be revealed, and by Graham's distant formality, which darkened, like the Egyptian's skeleton at the feast, every jaunt they shared in.

They were at the Cluny. Alice loitered with Fred, who kept up a frivolous, flirtatious commentary on all they looked at, which the girl despised yet dimpled over and was wickedly thankful for. It would show Robert Graham that Fred was perhaps in love with her and that she was not averse to it.

All at once she found herself alone. Bored by the Palissy pottery, and wrapped in her unhappy thoughts she mechanically moved away and into another room. There was no one there and it did not look interesting, so she turned to the door again. Graham, looking worried, was coming in and she retreated. He seemed relieved at sight of her, and unconsciously greeted her in his old, friendly fashion.

"Jove! I'm glad I've found you. You shouldn't wander off like this. It's too nerve-racking for your friends. We're not in New York, you know."

Alice was about to make a haughty reply when her eyes caught the tapestry over Graham's broad shoulders.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in delight. "See!"

Graham turned, and even with his less sensitive instinct for beauty was placed under the spell of The Lady and The Unicorn.

"Say, Miss Merrill, that's a corker, isn't it. Look at the lion holding her train in his mouth, and look at the purps. She's sort o' Boticelli-like, isn't she—the lady; not much on looks, in a way, but she is all right. What's that over the tent?" He slowly read aloud, "*A mon seul desir.*"

He glanced quickly at Alice. She was absorbed in the charming conceits of the tapestry and apparently did not hear.

"Oh, isn't it dear!" she laughed, and clasped her hands impetuously.

"I'd—I'd—I wish it were mine so I could give it to you," he eagerly broke out.

"You are over-generous Mr. Graham," she stiffly retorted.

Graham sunk into his abyss again, but his fighting-spirit was up, and he went on with a rush.

"I'm not. I'm very selfish, Miss Merrill. I'd like to give it to you because of that inscription, for it's just what you are to me, my sole desire, and I can't bear to have you treat me as if I were an enemy. Won't you be friends again? You're the only friend I want in the whole world, and to have you turn me down this way—"

Alice flashed indignant eyes at him. "Mr. Graham, I think you forget yourself and your obligations."

She moved proudly towards the door. For a moment Graham was speechless, then sprang after her.

"Miss Merrill," he called in masterful tones, "I insist upon an explanation. You've some wrong idea in your head, and it isn't fair to me to keep on with it this way."

Alice half hesitated before his energetic demand, but in the instant, Julia came into sight, and she could not have explained then if she had indeed relented, which she immediately decided she had not.

They went to Rouen the next morning. Mrs. Merrill started early for the train. Alice followed her listlessly into the *gare*. Graham stood at the top of the flight of steps watching for her, determination in every line of his face. He joined her without ceremony.

"I beg you to explain your words of yesterday, before we start," he began tensely. "We can't go off together like this with a beastly misunderstanding between us. What did you mean? You know I love you. I loved you the first minute I saw you. I—I—just can't stand this. I'd speak to your aunt this instant if you'd give me only half a chance."

Alice averted her head and hardened her heart. She couldn't help believing in him, and yet that parasol and the more conclusive evidence of the "Julia Mia" note. She started to reply when a porter handed a letter to Graham. It was marked "Important—Forward."

He took it impatiently, carelessly tearing the envelope open, his eyes interro-

gating Alice. An enclosure fell heavily to the pavement. Alice's eyes unconsciously followed Graham's hand reaching for it.

"To Julia *Mia*," read the address, in the same vigorous script she had, last week, studied so earnestly.

"Julia 'll give me the dickens for dropping it," he murmured confusedly. "Pardon me, will you, if I read this—from my brother."

Alice's brain took several somersaults and began to move in paths hitherto untrod. She knew he had an older brother, but no one spoke much of him; still she recalled Julia's hints, and—oh she had been a silly, if—

"Hurrah!" gleefully shouted Graham. "Tom's got it. Now Julia can flaunt her diamond in the eyes of the public."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you guess? She told me yesterday that somehow she hadn't yet had a chance to tell you outright but felt sure you must know. They had an understanding before they parted on the dock, but Mr. Dent wouldn't allow anything to be said until Tom was sure of his advance. Wouldn't even let them write. That's why I've played Cupid's postman for 'em. And now he's been taken into the firm. Gee, that's fine for old Tom! Now for the fair Julia."

He picked up his suit-case with an emphatic shake. There was a sudden click, and a shower of brushes and socks fell about the platform.

"Well, what do you think of that!" he wrathfully muttered and began pawing them back to shelter.

"Be careful," hastily interposed Alice, "the parasol!"

The "confectionery" of white chiffon lay loosely wrapped in tissue paper amid the chaos.

"Mary will have a fit if I damage it,"

he chuckled. "It's my sister's engagement-present to Julia," he explained. "But I couldn't give it to her until it was announced. Julia's been crazy to have one of these chiffon folderols."

Alice instinctively placed her hand on Robert's shoulder. Her eyes shone through tears and though her dimples showed deeply her soft lips trembled. She tried to speak but was unable to utter a sound.

Robert realized that his star had risen, but couldn't understand why. He caught her hand hard between his.

"Yes. What is it?" he whispered.

She shook her head still smiling and two tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I've been a fool. Forgive me!" she at last quavered. "I—I—Julia—I thought you were engaged—"

Her voice choked and she stood swallowing hard but smiling through the tears.

"Bless your heart. Was that it! Well, I am now, am I not? Say that I am. Quick, "*mon seul desir!*!"

Quick breathing she stood, then dropped her eyes and slowly nodded.

He crushed her hands. "I can't kiss you here, but—oh Alice! Mine!"

Fred Dent waved a warning hat from a window of their compartment. "Hurry up! Train leaves in two minutes. You should have packed before you left the hotel, Bob."

"Don't miss Julia's parasol," softly warned Alice.

"Tisn't hers, it's yours now—your engagement-present. I can get her another."

He snapped the case shut and they hurried into the train.

Alice turned a radiant face at the door. "Papa Brochard is a great friend of ours, isn't he, *cher Monsieur Parapluie?*"

## The "Naress"

BY ISABEL McDougall

Author of "His Glorious Fourth," etc

EVERY meal in the small house nowadays was enlivened with accounts of the doings in the big house next door. Tom Graham's best efforts could not check his orphan half-sisters from reporting the glories preparing for the Romaines' Thanksgiving dinner.

Little Elizabeth stayed the spoon at her lips to inquire of the only father she knew:

"What's a *chef*?"

"A *chef*," answered the young man, looking at her quizzically through his glasses, "is a man who cooks in bad French."

"Tessie-next-door says her mamma says they've got the only *chef* in Chicago that can serve English pheasants with their feathers on. Can't we have a *chef* like that, Brother Tom?"

"Yes, if he'll come for five dollars a week. The one thing you need, Elizabeth, is a *chef* who can serve your oatmeal with its feathers on."

"Oatmeal hasn't got any feathers," said the literal Elizabeth, after a thorough preliminary examination.

Aunt Cornie, pouring Tom's second cup of coffee with her customary protest, also objected to his talking such nonsense to the children. Moreover, she didn't believe that the *chef's* pumpkin pies could touch hers.

"Tessie says they don't have old punkin pies," asserted Elizabeth. "Coz likes Nesselrode pudding, so they're going to have that. It's a grand kind of ice-cream with nuts in it, and the bestest sauce, all foamy and stingy."

"And Tessie says they'll have scarlet roosters for desert, too," piped up little angel-faced Cornelia, from her high chair next to the head of the house.

"More feathered fowl," he commented, pulling her flaxen curls.

"Scarlet roosters isn't chickens. They's a sorter thing like napkin-rings made outer cake, with lovely custardy stuff inside."

"Yum! yum!" Tom smacked his lips. "Don't you wish they'd invite us to dinner?"

"Maybe they will invite you, Brother Tom," encouraged Cornelia. "They are going to ask Mr. Hetherington."

Tom winced.

"No they won't ask him either," contradicted Elizabeth. "Tessie says her mamma says it's strictly a family affair."

That ought to let out Hetherington, Tom reflected, with some comfort.

"Tessie says her mama says they're going to ask him anyway," persisted Cornelia.

And Aunt Cornie shrewdly surmised that Mr. Hetherington was about to become one of the family.

She maliciously watched her nephew-by-marriage for some sign of distress. Aunt Cornie was not ungrateful, except in so far as ingratitude means self-assertion against dependence. The house she lived in, the food she ate, all that she and her little nieces had, was the bounty of this hard-working young man, who was not as she phrased it, even, "blood kin" to her or to the children's father. She resented any gleam of romance brightening his narrow path of duty because it might lead him astray, and because Aunt Cornie had reached the age where to follow any gleam is foolishness. But the square dark face at the end of the table remained unmoved.

Little Elizabeth returned to the charge.

"And Tessie says her mamma says there's to be favors for all the ladies. Favors is like Christmas presents, Brother Tom, only you get them at dinner-parties."

"Can't we have some fables?" asked wistful Cornelia.

"We're having some," resignedly. "Go on, Elizabeth. Get it off your chest."

"And then Tessie says her mamma has a gilded wish-bone for each lady and gentleman, and then they pull it, and then—

whichever gets the big piece, gets the favor. Oh, Brother Tom, can't we have wish-bones like that?"

"We'll have wish-bones, children, but too much gilding is bad for us."

Too much gilding! That was the trouble with the Romaines. And Coz must have Nesselrode pudding! Why should a girl be so rich as well as so bewitching? It was gilding the violet; it was—er—feeding fancy ice-cream to the lily.

For Tom Graham, three letters spelled all the world and the fullness thereof since a glorious Fourth when Tessie-next-door had introduced him to her Cousin Celia. "Coz, 'low me to interduce 'Lizbeth and C'nelia's Brother Tom," the child said. Now, in the celebration of that never-to-be-forgotten day, a fire-cracker had set Tessie's frock in a blaze that spread to her cousin Celia's. And Tom had burned his hands putting them out. After that, others might call her Miss Romaine or Miss Celia but he used the sweet little familiar name. And Coz often called him Brother Tom, too. He liked that until once when he left her at her door he heard her answer Mrs. Romaine's question with, "It's only Brother Tom," And Mrs. Romaine, that zealous chaperone, had laughed lightly to the waiting Hetherington, "Brother Tom's innocuous, I assure you."

After that he bade his goddess drop the 'brother.' "Understand once for all, Coz, I have not the faintest desire to be your brother."

"Dear me!" she mocked. "And I just awaiting the proper time to say I'll be a sister to you."

"When the proper time comes you'll promise me something quite different," he answered boldly.

Tom could always meet impudence with impudence. It was Celia Romaine's gentler moods that daunted him: when she seemed to be aware of his love and pitied him for it, or when she seemed to remind herself of his trifling service; or when she seemed kindly smoothing the way for the intruder in her golden circle.

In the beginning of Graham's senior year at Harvard, his stepfather's death threw upon him the burden of two doubly orphaned children and their old maid

aunt. How heavy that burden was in those first years of grinding poverty, no one knew. Necessity at first, and then habit and shyness walled Graham from any social circle. But the grateful Romaines forced his wall ere his whole youth had dried up in its prison.

He found Society—with a capital S—easier of access and pleasanter than he had supposed. Some of the men remembered his athletic record at the university. Not a few of the older women had known and loved his mother. The girls discovered in him a good voice, a whimsical humor, and a certain knack in amateur theatricals. And he could not fail in anything with Coz looking on. Only her looks must not show compassion! Once in a while, when she bullied him unmercifully, when she metaphorically struck him, he took courage. He then had a vague sense that she was defending herself; that she felt the need of fighting off an approach which might be dangerous.

"The Romaines never had such doings on Thanksgiving before," Aunt Cornie declared. "They've always invited their relatives to turkey and cranberry like the rest of us. This year there's an heiress with them and they can't make too much fuss. And Miss Celia has lived so long in Europe that plain American victuals are not good enough for her."

"What's a naress?" inquired little Cornelius.

"A naress, dear child," answered her half-brother, drawing his dark brows into a terrifying frown, "is a dread and powerful Being, that every one bows down to with sacrifices and burnt offerings and new moons. A naress is more than Superman. A naress is worse than the Juggernaut. Those that throw themselves in her path are crushed—deservedly crushed."

"But I think Miss Celia is a nice naress," protested the child, aghast.

The young man sighed. So did he. Alas and alas, so did he!

When Tom Graham came home from business and took the little girls on the ante-prandial stroll they always exacted, the trio were nearly run over by Hetherington's big auto, snorting home

like a great green dragon to the Romaine's steps. And Celia Romaine's silvery laugh mingled with the dragon's snorting. And the dragon's master, who might truthfully be called the main guy, in the hideous garb his favorite sport required, sat beside her, while the chauffeur was relegated to the rear. They looked like two ogres.

Tessie opened the front door to them, a thing she had been strictly forbidden to do, with, "Oh Coz! can't I have a ride?" Tessie had also been strictly forbidden to beg for rides.

"Hop in! hop in!" Hetherington said, jovially, "and the other kiddies, too," he added, for, to Tom's annoyance, Cornelius and Elizabeth stood rooted to the spot, staring with their fingers in their mouths.

"Thank you, old man," he said stiffly, "but they would rather go with me to see the big waves."

"Oh no, we wouldn't, Brother Tom!" they breathlessly chorused, falling over one another in their haste to mount the enchanted car.

"You will crowd Miss Romaine," he objected.

"Miss Romaine is getting out anyhow. She has sat still long enough," spoke up the naress. If a large leather-clad man in mask and goggles looks like a malign enchanter, a slender maiden in a long cream-colored garment, and starry eyes shining through an enveloping cloud of veil, looks like a fairy princess.

She stood thoughtfully on the sidewalk for a minute after Tom had helped her descend. The dragon croaked, gyrated clumsily, glided off with the two ogres and the delighted children. Tom watched its flight moodily, and the girl in the automobile-coat watched him. And the early November moon watched them both.

She spoke sweetly: "You might take me to see those big waves, Brother Tom."

The princess who owned the wizard who owned the dragon had compassion on a mere mortal! Hetherington could drive with her unchaperoned. Hetherington counted as one of the family at the Thanksgiving dinner; yet a few crumbs from the rich man's table might be spared to the outsider. As usual, her

kindness profoundly depressed him.

Only a few people were out enjoying the beauty of the Autumn evening, as they walked past the mammoth apartment-house, across the broad, oiled, dustless drive, over the lawns, still turfed as in spring, although the trees were bare and the flower-beds uncolored, but for a leafless haze of red and yellow bushes. High in the clean heavens a bright moon blanched the tumultuous surges dashing against the esplanade. At the Oak street curve, where a cross current met Lake Michigan, driven down under a northeast gale, they watched the heavy waters heap themselves into olive-green haystacks, topped raggedly with foam which the blasts tore off and hurled shoreward like straws.

"Glorious!" murmured Coz. Presently she shivered: "But somewhat chilly, standing still."

So they walked briskly northward hardly speaking.

More than ever was she like a fairy princess—a svelte, silent, gracious presence gliding besides him—in costly pale-colored attire, the perfect oval of her face seen dimly through the mist of her veil. At her throat a diamond caught a sparkle from the moon. Her elastic step, the silken rustle of her skirts, the very tilt of her hat pleased him to the core. But it was an aching pleasure.

"Next Thursday is Thanksgiving," Coz made conversation.

"Stupidest holiday of the year," growled her companion out of the gloom that covered him.

"Aren't you rather going back on our revered Pilgrim Fathers?" she laughed.

"They are no fathers of mine," said cross Tom. "Mine were Southerners and Church of England people."

"Strictly speaking they are no fathers of mine either. We are from New York, and back of that from Holland, and earlier still from Huguenot France. We Knickerbockers made little of Thanksgiving and much of New Year's Day. And Santa Claus, whom the Puritans banned, was our own particular saint."

"They banned all the happy days we celebrated also." The young man was in a mood to make the most of any griev-

ance. "They abolished Easter, with its flowers and carols, and Christmas with its holly and gifts. Sour old Mayflower folks! The best they bequeathed us was a day of guzzling and stuffing and tiresome family parties."

"Do you think family parties are always tiresome?" she deliberated, reaching back for her chiffon veil streaming in the wind. "Uncle John and Aunt Theresa take great satisfaction in gatherings of their kith and kin. There is a sort of novelty in meeting some. The distant cousins are as good as strangers."

"I suppose no one out of the Romaine family is eligible?" he questioned.

"Oh, family, and family-in-law, and family-to-be. Several of the cousins are engaged. It really makes a jolly crowd."

She drew the long ends of the veil about her throat.

It seemed to him she was evading the point.

"I hear Hetherington is invited," he said bluntly.

"Did you hear that? If Aunt Theresa said so it must be true," she still parried, busily securing the soft chiffon with a knot.

And then Tom was consumed with rage to have Hetherington himself overtake them.

"My, but you are a pair of sprinters!" he called good-naturedly. The ogre had shed his goggles and was now a personable young man. "I told Lebrun to give the children a spin and then go to the garage. Like you, Miss Romaine, I wanted to stretch my legs a bit."

"Do you mind stretching them southward? We must get home in time for dinner."

Tom grasped at the thought that she had not said a word about turning until this—this interloper came. And he miserably knew that he was grasping at a straw.

They walked slowly back, Hetherington gossiping about every fine house they passed. Tom could have named the owner of the zebra castle, or of the Romanesque bastile, or of the Venetian *palazzetto* copied from Desdemona's, and a few others of some picturesque value. He did not burden his mind with the

changing names and chronicles of their occupants. He left that to Aunt Cornie and other tabbies who pored and purred over society columns. Hetherington held forth unassisted.

"The ground here is worth \$1,000 a foot," he said, waving the mask he held at a vacant lot, "and they're still holding it for a raise."

"Let's take a few hundred feet," suggested Tom.

"Not I," answered the other seriously, "I think they've held on too long. I am buying up Edgewater way. Don't you think it's the best place for a home, Miss Romaine?"

"For people that like that kind of place, Edgewater is just the kind of place they'd like," she misquoted carelessly. "Who lives yonder, Mr. Hetherington?"

"Sammy Monroe. Don't you remember, he married the chewing-gum heiress? That's one way of getting a house on the Lake Shore Drive. You want to marry an heiress, Graham, see?"

"Not any for mine," said Tom shortly.

Miss Romaine suddenly laughed out. Indulgently? Sarcastically? Her veil hid her expression.

"Mrs. Sammy wants him to look after her property," pursued Hetherington, "and give up his office down-town; but he says he's got to have some hole he can call his own. She would make him an allowance, but he says he'd rather earn his own allowance. He won't even let her give him a present that costs more than twenty dollars, because he says he can't keep up the pace, and he's bound to. Queer duck! I don't know but it's a good way, though."

"I think it is rather fine of him," commented Miss Romaine, gazing speculatively out towards the tumbling, roaring lake.

"By Jove, I don't!" Tom cried out. "He is making life a burden to Mrs. Sammy. With the right kind of married folks it cuts no ice which brought capital into the firm. The other partner brought its equivalent. If he married her for—for love, he don't need to keep on telling her every day that he wasn't after her money. I call it pretty small. No doubt he knew

she had a fortune before he proposed."

"You bet he did!" asseverated Hetherington.

"Well then," hotly, "he has no business to throw it in her face forever after. No more than if he had known of disgrace or insanity or any other disadvantage."

"Disadvantage!" echoed Hetherington.

"And to balk at twenty dollar presents after she has given him herself! It's downright insulting. Is a women of less value than the things she buys over a counter?"

"Well," Hetherington started curiously, "if that's the way you look at it—"

"Oh," said Tom, falling back to dejection, "that's the way I look at it sometimes. It depends on the weather. I have moments of clear vision. But I suppose I'm a good deal like the poor chap yonder. I haven't always spirit enough to act out my theories. The tasks in hours of insight willed, don't get in hours of gloom fulfilled."

And then Miss Romaine, who had not spoken for some time, said:

"Isn't that your corner, Mr. Hetherington? You must not be late to dinner to-night."

"That's so, that's so. Thank you for reminding me, Miss Romaine. I was rather counting on your having yet to dress."

"Oh I was ready before I went around the block in your car with you." She opened her coat enough to reveal lace beneath it.

When the two moved on together without a third, one of them was busy putting together the pieces of his own private and particular puzzle. Yet Tessie had said—and he had understood—.

"Oh, I am a fool! Coz, here, under this arc-lamp will you lift your veil and look at me?"

Within the quivering, glaring, concentric rings of light she faced him—rose tint no deeper, delicate lips firm, violet eyes steady. Does man ever know what an effort of will it costs a woman to keep her eyes from falling under his gaze? Yet the girl was not the first to look away.

Still eyeing him triumphantly she demanded, "Pray Brother Tom, what may your income be?"

"I make about three thousand. Enough for two," defying her insolence.

"And you are supporting four on it."

"I sha'n't always have to," doggedly. "And I don't expect to stop at three thousand."

"Three thousand a year! I have about that a month," she said cruelly.

He grew furiously angry. "What the dickens is that to me?" he panted.

She gave him the strangest look, anger and pity and fear and an angelic glint of—was it admiration? But she spoke reprovingly:

"If you have reached the swearing-stage it is certainly time for me to go."

The reproved one seized her hands. The arc-lamp chose that psychological moment for sputtering out.

"The hour of gloom," said Coz, pulling away with a flutter of laughter.

"No, the hour of insight," declared the young man, releasing her hands to imprison her waist. "You are daring me, Coz, and I don't take a dare. You know that your money is nothing to me. No, I will not let you go till you confess."

And now she could not meet his eyes. "You sent Hetherington home."

"Y—yes, Tom."

"That's right, darling, Tom, or dear Tom; never Brother Tom. Stop struggling. You had not intended to go out with Hetherington, or you would not have your dinner-dress on. And you only went around the block with him to try his new auto."

"Th—that's all. That policeman is l-looking, T-Tom."

"Be quiet and he wont notice. But why is he dining with you so often?"

"The pup-policeman?" giggling nervously against his shoulder.

"Whenever you laugh I come near kissing you."

She laughed again and met the penalty. Met it valiantly at first, then:

"No—no, Tom! St-stop—dear Tom! Certainly not, Goosey! Just to-night. Only the family dines with us on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Tessie doesn't know everything. Aunt Theresa will send you your invitation as soon as I tell her that you—you—have qualified."

A face like a rose of mischief turned to him and the laugh he loved rippled out again. "It is too bad, Tom. I know you hate a holiday spent in eating and drinking. I know you despise family

parties. I know you abominate Thanksgiving dinners, but—"

"That!" quoth Tom, with a long embrace, "depends entirely upon circumstances."

## The Hop Lee Syndicate

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

Author of "Miss Evangeline," etc.

"YOU see," said Hop Lee, "it's a glate idee!"

And so it was.

Colonel Bangs wired as much that day to Sylvester Bumps, M. P., who was in Ottawa, and the next afternoon the ambitious member from the West strolled into the colonel's Windsor office and shook hands, expectancy mapped in delicate lines in his face.

"It's got those other little deals of ours beat to a frazzle," assured the barrister, as he conducted his friend into the private room in which most of their partnership schemes had found birth. "Money? Why, my boy, there's a fortune in it! That little western land-grab you're planning up there with your honest M.P.'s aint got a ghost of a show beside it."

Bangs, who was short and fat, paused to wipe the perspiration from his broiling face with a huge handkerchief, while his visitor slowly divested himself of his gloves, hat, and small coat, and settled back restfully in the breeze of an electric-fan. The man from Ottawa had a fondness for doing things deliberately. He believed it added to the reputation he had already acquired as a smooth man of public affairs, and it did.

"Money, you say?" he inquired lazily.

"Barrels of it!" thundered the colonel, thumping a shapeless fist upon the table before him. "There's enough in it to make us both rich, Silver, without a doubt—"

"Any serious difficulties?" interrupted the other. "I mean, of course, any 'unpleasant' work to be done up there?" "Up there" with Sylvester Bumps meant Ottawa.

"No work—no danger; nothing for us

to do but to go in and get our rocks," assured the colonel. "I've got everything fixed. Papers are all drawn up and waiting for your signature to a gold-basis proposition. Thing's going to be known as the 'Hop Lee Syndicate, Limited.' It's a sort of transportation company, you might say, with the slickest Chinaman on earth as the promoter and active agent, and you'n' me the backers, away off in the woods, mind you, but getting the money just the same! How many Chinamen do you reckon there are in Canada, Silver?"

"The devil!" replied Bumps.

"I mean it," persisted Bangs. "The last census says there's less than 20,000. But that was a good time ago, and I've got the inside stuff that proves the government didn't know, anyway. There's thirty-five thousand if there's that many hundred! Do you believe it?"

"Sure!" agreed the other, edging forward in his seat. "What the deuce has that got to do with making money?" he asked.

"Everything," wheezed the colonel, poking his fat face across the table. "Look here, Silver! Say there's only thirty thousand Chinks this side of the border. 'Ow many of 'em are you thinking wants to go back to their own country? Forty per cent, sir, forty per cent by actual figgers in my possession! They've all come over here to pick up gold bricks off the streets, or to go across the border; and they aint found the first and they can't do the last. I've made a study of our Chinks, Silver, and I know they've had a blooming hard time of it these past two years. And what's the consequence?

Why, that nearly 'arf of them are dying to go home! And why don't they go? For two reasons, sir. They aint got the money and they aint on to Hop Lee's method of free transportation!"

Colonel Bangs settled back and folded his hands over his projecting stomach. Bumps stared at him in astonishment, undisguised for the moment.

"You don't understand!" shot the colonel, swinging himself into action again. "I said that this was what you might call a transportation company. Well, so it is. Forty per cent of thirty thousand Chinks is twelve thousand, representing those that are ready and willing to go 'ome. Our business is to get 'em there! I know how to do it—and make money."

The member from the West woke up. He leaned across the table and his eyes began to shine. He had implicit confidence in Colonel Bangs.

"It's this way," said the colonel, anticipating his question. "This 'ere's a Chinaman." He picked up an ink-well for illustration. "He wants to go home. From this point it's going to cost him a hundred or better to land in a China point, if he starts out himself. But he aint got a hundred. Maybe he hasn't got even fifty; but we take all he has got—and we send him to China for it. We can afford to do it cheap. And why? Because, my boy, we can get him over there—for nothing!"

A part of the colonel's secret was out, and he inhaled a huge breath from the breeze of the fan.

"You're not quite on," he said, as his companion's eyes narrowed to slits, as was a habit of Sylvester Bumps when in doubt. "Don't you see? This ink-well is one of our Chinamen. We've got 'im. Now what do we do? Why, we just send him across the river, he's nabbed by Uncle Sam, and soon he's being deported home—free of charge!"

Colonel Bangs threw himself back in his chair and roared. A moment later Sylvester Bumps joined him. When the two men had recovered themselves the parliamentarian's collar was unbuttoned and tears were running down the colonel's cheeks.

"Aint it great?" he gasped. "Aint it

a huge joke on your Uncle Samuel across the river? And, mind you, 'e can't help himself. He's got to take the Chinks we send over, and he's got to deport 'em! That's the law of 'is bloom'in' country. Figure it out Silver. If we send over our twelve thousand Chinks, and we get thirty dollars for each of 'em, how much does it make? It's three hundred and sixty thousand dollars, aint it? And that's only a half of the scheme. When we've got all of our own Chinks cleaned out, then what'll we do? Why, my boy, we'll just send our agents over through the states, get the homesick Chinks there, bring 'em over here, send 'em back again, and your obliging Uncle Samuel will nab 'em and deport 'em, sure as my name's Augustus Bangs!"

The member from Ottawa re-established his collar. He recovered the dignity he had momentarily lost by cooling his face before the fan, and when he spoke there was a tone of suspicion in his voice.

"Sounds nice," he said, with a return to his parliamentary urbanity. "Sounds very good, colonel. But you're weak on facts. Two-thirds of our Chinamen are up in British Columbia, or were when we got that little head-tax bill through. I'll wager there aren't two hundred within a radius of as many miles of us. How you plan to bring the beggars over a thousand miles or more of territory free is more than I can guess, just now!"

"See here, Silver," retorted the colonel, "this is what I want to know: If we can get 'em, what do you think of the scheme?"

"It's a winner!"

"Well, we can get 'em, and Hop Lee will prove it!"

At the mention of Hop Lee the parliamentarian's eyes narrowed again. The colonel saw suspicion brewing in his face, and he waited anxiously.

"Seems to me this Hop Lee is playing a pretty big part in the game, isn't he, colonel?" he asked. "What's he after?"

"If he proves his scheme O. K. he'll set a price," explained the colonel. "Don't you see? He's got to show us, and after that, if we think his idea is worth the price, why—we'll buy it! Of course



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN HENNINGS

"It's got those little deals of ours beat to a frazzle!"

we'll have to keep Hop Lee to run the business for us. It wouldn't do for you and me to get mixed up in anything like this. It's dead easy to get 'em over—the Chinks I mean—but if we were discovered—Heavens!"

The man from Ottawa was not convinced. He got up and paced back and forth across the office, twirling his thumbs behind his back, as was his habit when absorbed in thought.

"It's risky—blamed risky!" he suddenly cried, stopping before the colonel. "See here! What if it should leak out in some way that we were mixed up in the business? Where would my seat as an M.P. be? And you? Great Scott, Bangs, you wouldn't be able to earn your salt anywhere in Canada after that! If we were discovered we'd be queered for life. Land-deals are easier—and safer!"

"But we won't be discovered," assured the colonel. "Hop Lee will do everything. Personally we won't touch the business. Unless we want to we won't even see a Chinaman—except Hop Lee. He'll run the game according to our instructions. And think of the money, man! It's worth a risk. Three hundred thousand!"

"That's just it!" interrupted the parliamentarian. "If there is such a fortune in it, and Hop Lee knows it, why doesn't he hang on to his scheme and work it for himself? What does he want to sell out for?"

Colonel Bangs smiled broadly.

"Right there is where I think he's foolish, Silver," he said. "But to a Chinaman five thousand dollars is a lot of money, and that's what he wants—besides a ten per cent rake-off. That's pretty good, anyway, isn't it? Mind you, Hop Lee has got the scheme, but he wants good English brains behind it—and he knows it! And if Hop Lee proves his idea is a money-maker, what kick have we got coming if he wants to make a fool of himself? And he'll prove it, I tell you!"

And Hop Lee did. Word was sent to him that evening and the member from Ottawa met him for the first time. The two shook hands.

There was something about Hop Lee that inspired this amount of deference. With the erudition of a born politician Sylvester Bumps valued him at full measure, and the colonel's stock rose accord-

ingly. Hop Lee wore gloves and a silk hat. His feet were immaculate in patent-leathers. His dress was English, and cut by a tailor. There was something peculiarly attractive even in the narrowness of his eyes. He did not cringe before the great men: to the colonel he was a trifle supercilious; the parliamentarian he met as an equal.

Hop Lee had brought with him a number of papers. These officially certified that he was one of the many running-managers of the Underground Railway, the object of which organization was to smuggle Celestials from Chinese ports into the United States, and that he was also a lieutenant in the Six Companies, otherwise known as the White Lily.

Sylvester Bumps was delighted by this evidence. He knew that the White Lily was the most powerful secret society in China and that its Canadian branch had successfully smuggled hundreds of yellow aliens into British Columbia since the passage of the five hundred dollar head-tax bill. He was inclined to be patronizing. He wished to show Hop Lee how pleased he was to have made his acquaintance.

But Hop Lee did not give him the opportunity. He produced other papers, describing certain conditions existing in Vancouver and the West, which seemed to show beyond doubt that hundreds of overworked, poorly fed Chinamen were leaving the mines for eastern cities, and that the Chinese population of cities like Winnipeg, Montreal, Ottawa, and Quebec had doubled within six months. There were at the present time, said Hop Lee, five new Chinamen in Windsor who wished to return to their own country, and who, under his seal as an officer in the White Lily, would entrust themselves to the care of the syndicate.

Hop Lee's proposition was reasonable and convincing. He would first give a sample of his work by drumming up passengers for a time. At the end of a set period, if the financial returns warranted it, Colonel Bangs and the member from Ottawa were to pay him five thousand dollars for all rights to the scheme, after which his perquisite was to be ten per cent of the business he worked up through

himself and his agents. Hop Lee departed with this agreement in writing. The next day a telegram announced that he was in London, and that he would first work the small towns between that point and Toronto.

Soon after this, Colonel Bangs was left alone with the responsibilities of the scheme. The member from the West had important engagements in Ottawa, and immediately after Hop Lee's communication left for the dominion capital to aid in the development of a certain piece of legislation in which the colonel himself was not a little interested. This left the man in Windsor with time upon his hands, and he waited impatiently for further news from Hop Lee. For two days none came. On the morning of the third he ran up to London, nosed about for a few hours without finding the Chinaman, then returned to his office in Sandwich street. A telegram awaited him. It was from Hop Lee, and, in a way, the intelligence it conveyed was startling. Hop Lee had shipped three Chinamen to the syndicate, in care of Colonel Bangs.

This was not what the colonel had expected, and for a few hours it acted as a dampener upon his enthusiasm. He had taken it for granted without special assurance on Hop Lee's part, that Hop Lee himself would return with his first batch of homeseekers and would personally see to their conveyance across the river. It was agreed that the agent should arrange for the trans-border railroading of his countrymen, and this new turn in the scheme was perplexing. After a little, however, the colonel persuaded himself into the belief that Hop Lee would closely follow the passengers he had secured, or would at least send instructions by them.

So that night he wrote Sylvester Bumps that everything was progressing splendidly. Until a late hour he indulged in roseate visions of the future with Mrs. Bangs, and when that lady grew unappreciative because of drowsiness he retired to his own room, smoked a last cigar, and went to bed. Even then he could not free himself from the elation of Hop Lee's first consignment. For the twentieth time he figured that if Hop



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN HENNING

Col Bangs who was short and fat, was inclined to be patronizing

Lee could drum up three passengers in as many days he would do something like ten thousand dollars worth of business a year. And Hop Lee was but one, while the syndicate planned to have at least half-a-dozen agents scattered through Canada.

Early the following morning Colonel Bangs hurried to the local telegraph-office. Nothing had come for him during the night, but huddled half-way up the gloomy stairway leading to his rooms in Sandwich street he found three hungry-looking Celestials waiting for him. A few moments later he was apprised, by certain slips of paper in their possession, that they were Messrs. Ben Tong, Lee Lock, and Wah Chang, of London, and that the price they were to pay for transportation aggregated ninety-eight dollars. Each presented a card bearing Hop Lee's signature and the emblem of the White Lily.

Beyond these facts the colonel was still metaphorically at sea. Hop Lee had sent no word. No one of the three could speak English. To this effect the colonel wired Sylvester Bumps at Ottawa. Afterward he pocketed the ninety-eight dollars, shut the aliens in a room back of his office, and went out after a basket of rations. After the feeding operation, he locked his doors and sat down to figure some way out of a situation which was fast becoming embarrassing. His recess was brief. The telephone upon the desk beside him rang interruptingly, and in response to his "Hello" he was told that the station-master was at the other end, and that he wanted Colonel Bangs.

"This is his office," replied Bangs, equivocally.

"Well, when he comes," said the station-master, "tell 'im there's a bunch of Chinamen come in on the 8:10, and they're inquiring for somebody that sounds like him. Can't make 'em out, exactly. Is the colonel expecting anything of that sort?"

"You bet!" shouted Bangs. "He wants 'em for a job out West. How many are there?"

"Oh, a dozen or so, I guess. I'll send 'em up."

Ten minutes later the following tele-

gram was sent to Sylvester Bumps, M.P.

I'm flooded with them. Can't find Hop Lee. Don't know what to do. Come at once.

BANGS.

At the same time the local office received instructions to cover every town between London and Toronto with messages addressed to Hop Lee, Chinaman, which read as follows:

Return at once. Important.

COLONEL BANGS.

For the ensuing half-hour the colonel hovered half-way between elation of hopes fulfilled and a panic. Hop Lee's scheme was a success. Within three days he had proved the reality of their fortune. Canada was filled with Chinamen willing to pay for being properly deported. All that was needed now to secure a full realization of his dreams were two or three Chinese agents distributed along the border to receive and get rid of Hop Lee's passengers as they arrived. But his present situation cooled the colonel's enthusiasm. In one moment he saw himself rich, in another his professional reputation was gone. The flooding of Windsor by such a large number of Chinamen would in itself create a sensation; his own reception of them, unless he could offer a good excuse, would assuredly breed suspicion. If Hop Lee did not return soon how could he rid himself of the Celestials?

He turned a dozen plans over in his head, and rejected them all. He could not personally conduct his charges to some secluded point along the river and embark them in a small boat. The risks would be too great. Besides, he would require an interpreter. He knew a Chinese laundryman, but to bring another into the scheme would not only be dangerous but suicidal to both his hopes and his reputation. If Hop Lee were there the whole thing would be simple. He could tell the Celestials what to do; he could caution them; one by one they could slip along the shore without attracting attention, and he would be in no way mixed up in the affair. There was only one thing for him to do. He would have to keep the Chinamen in the room until the last minute.

Twice after sending the messages he sneaked up to a window and peered cau-

tiously down into the street. Then he sat down and tried to smoke himself into tranquility. Soon after this he heard the sound of feet shuffling up the stairs and after a moment's silence outside there came a timid knock at the door. The colonel opened it, and Hop Lee's countrymen filed in. There were nine of them, and not until they were safely packed with the others in the back room, and the doors were locked, and the curtains at the windows drawn until only slanting streaks of light came in, did he feel at all relieved. Then he recalled the newcomers, one by one, received Hop Lee's slips and their money, and in the end sent a third telegram to Sylvester Bumps with the information that up to 10 A. M. the business had aggregated \$507, and that he, Sylvester Bumps, was needed upon the field of action without the delay of a precious moment; also that he, Augustus Bangs, was at his wits' end and would surely be compelled to refund the said \$507 and thus relieve himself of the entire situation unless Hop Lee or the parliamentarian put in an appearance soon.

Toward noon the colonel telephoned Mrs. Bangs to have their next-door neighbor's hired-man bring him lunch for thirteen, the lunch to be packed in such parcels as would not create suspicion. This feat accomplished, and the food distributed, he went out upon the street, explained to certain parties his project of furnishing Chinese labor for railroad construction-work, and cursed himself into hot sweats between times because he received no word from Sylvester Bumps. Occasionally he returned to his office to see if a telegram had been left for him, and the last time, which was late in the afternoon, he was greeted by the man from Ottawa.

"I didn't wait to wire you," explained Bumps, as he shook hands. "I had only time to catch a train. Allow me to congratulate you, my dear colonel!"

A smile almost tender crept into his cool, well kept face, and as Colonel Bangs mopped the perspiration from the overworked pores of his own countenance he wondered what the devil the other meant, and so expressed himself.

"I mean that you have struck a gold

mine, Gus," said the parliamentarian. "Five hundred and seven dollars in three days! Why, I tell you, you've made a discovery which sooner or later will necessitate new legislation at Washington! They can't stop us. There's an honest fortune in it. Where have you got 'em?"

"There," nodded Bangs, fishing in his pocket for a key to the inner door. When he had opened it the member from Ottawa peered in curiously. He saw the Chinamen huddled in various attitudes, most of them asleep, and among them were scattered the indigestible articles from Mrs. Bangs' lunch-basket.

"Are you feeding them well?" he asked, backing quietly, as if his intrusion might awaken the others into aggressive action. "Must do that, colonel," he added more loudly, as the door was closed. "We've got to keep them in good company until Hop Lee returns. By the way, where the devil can Hop Lee be?"

The man from Ottawa voiced this question half-a-dozen times during the next two hours, and each time the colonel answered by describing some new phase of his scheme for ferreting him out from among the little towns scattered between London and Toronto, at last acknowledging that he must be in the larger city, where a message might lie for a week without finding him.

"One of us must run up there and dig 'im out," he suggested. "Better go up yourself, to-night. If you don't find Hop Lee by noon—" The colonel shrugged his shoulders. "If you can't find 'im, I say, just let me know and I'll return their money and show 'em down into the alley by the back way to-morrow night. Hop Lee has proved his case, anyway!"

"The devil!" lamented Bumps. "Five hundred gone to—"

At this moment Mrs. Bangs cut in over the telephone to ask her husband if he intended to come home for his supper. Bangs replied that he did, and that he was going to bring Mr. Bumps with him. Being overheated and considerably out of humor he hung up his receiver immediately after this remark, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Bangs seemed to have something exciting to tell him.

At the Bangs home, Mrs. Bangs, after cordially greeting the member of parliament, vouchsafed in a frigid *en sotto* that if her husband had been courteous enough to have listened at the other end of the 'phone he might have heard something which would have given him pleasure. The colonel, however, was in too irascible an humor to make further inquiries, and for that reason it was not until an hour later, when he and Sylvester Bumps were smoking their after-dinner cigars, that Mrs. Bangs casually announced Hop Lee's presence in the parlor, where he had been waiting for something like an hour and a half.

The colonel looked at his friend with joyous bewilderment; in the eyes of the man from Ottawa there flashed for an instant a look suggestive of the glittering edge of a keen knife. When they entered the parlor Hop Lee arose to meet them, bowing with a dignity which showed that he was conscious of the insult of which he had unintentionally been made the victim. His deportment charmed the parliamentarian. It assuaged what doubts he might have had as to the caliber of achievement represented in Hop Lee, and there was more than usual warmth in the handshake with which he honored the Celestial.

During the half-hour that followed, Hop Lee recounted his experiences of the past few days, ending with the determined assertion that he could round up twenty of his countrymen in Toronto, where he had received the colonel's message. For the remainder of that night Hop Lee then disappeared. When he turned up at the colonel's office the next day he announced that the twelve Chinamen were safely across the border, and submitted proof through the medium of a morning-paper that three of them had already been taken by the United States authorities. No argument could have been more convincing. Even Sylvester Bumps, whose great stock was level-headed judgment, was satisfied. So a little later Colonel Bangs accompanied Hop Lee to a local bank, and the sum of five thousand dollars was turned over to his credit, being receipted for as payment in full for all rights of the institu-

tion known as the Hop Lee Syndicate, Limited.

When the colonel told Sylvester Bumps how the thing had transpired he swore there were tears in Hop Lee's eyes when the money was turned over to him.

"I don't doubt it; it's a great fortune—in China," remarked the man from Ottawa.

And it was that thought that burned its way through and through Hop Lee's brain until it seemed that he must go out upon the streets and shout it to the people he met. But nobody saw the joy that was in him. After a little he returned to the bank and asked if his money could be transferred to a certain Ng You Kee, whose residence was in Hong-Kong, China. It could, and Hop Lee ordered it done. Then he went out and filled his pockets with expensive cigars and visited his Chinese friends.

But he told them of none of his luck. In Moy Kim's laundry he met three of his countrymen, whom the colonel and Sylvester Bumps supposed were over the border. Hop Lee talked to them volubly, and threatened them with mischief unless they got out of town, as he had directed them to do, secretly and at night.

When evening came he walked slowly down toward the ferry. There was mist in the night, and across the river the lights of Detroit twinkled like hazy stars a vast distance away. Hop Lee stood with the water lapping at his feet and imagined that they were the lights of Hong-Kong. His head was full of Hong-Kong. He had come from there out to this great unknown land across the sea to make his fortune, and he had made it. Over there, in Hong-Kong, he would be a rich man and honors would be heaped upon him. The sound of the ferry-boat bell jangled upon his dream. He thought of Colonel Bangs, of Sylvester Bumps—and he smiled. His footsteps led him to the gangplank; his eyes were riveted ahead, where his imaginary Hong-Kong lay, and the light in his eyes and the smile upon his lips were expressions of sweet contentment.

Colonel Bangs sat in his office, and on the opposite side of the table from



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN HENNINGS

The Colonel stared at him blankly

him sat Sylvester Bumps, M.P. The colonel's face was distorted with rage; the parliamentarian was smiling, still complaisant in the face of what his friend had just described as "the vilest fraud ever perpetrated upon a subject of the king." For the twentieth time the colonel read, while his red neck bulged with the ferocity of his feelings, the newspaper-clipping he held in his hand. It bore no heading for it was considered of small news-value on the other side.

Last night a Chinaman, who gave his name as Hop Lee, was taken in charge while attempting to leave one of the Windsor ferries on this side. He says he has no business here, but hoped to smuggle himself in. He will be deported.

"Gus," said the Ottawa man suavely. "Gus, I want to tell you, our lovely Hop

Lee was clever. He deserves what he got. I'm glad I met him!"

The colonel stared at him blankly.

"Great Scott, don't you see the light yet?" exclaimed the parliamentarian. "Hasn't it dawned upon you that perhaps there aren't half-a-hundred Chinamen in the whole of Canada who want to go home? Hasn't it struck you that Hop Lee may have hired a few of his countrymen to help him out in his little game, and that all of those innocent-looking pigtails we had back there were helping him to make a brace of fools out of us? Can't you imagine that Hop Lee is going back home to enjoy his little fortune, and that he let Uncle Sam get hold of him so that our suspicions wouldn't be aroused? Heavens, my poor boy, don't you see the light?"

# Those Who Sit Up-stairs

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Cupid Ex Machina," etc

THE theater was cheerless. The asbestos curtain was still down. The big central chandelier showed the pin-pricks of a furtive economical glimmer. But the spawn of lesser ones that, with it, made a geometric dazzle of the roof, were not even lighted. The first balcony disclosed neither color nor movement, neither light nor sound. The boxes were pits of murky gloom. The orchestra gaped, untenanted. The floor was still vacant, desolate, dumb as any ruined amphitheater. But upstairs in the gallery all was different.

The doors had just been thrown open. The crowd had rushed frantically up the corkscrewing, narrowing stairs. From the door the gallery inclined at a dizzy angle. But with no perceptible lessening of their speed, they deployed and made for the first row.

Miss Carr and Mr. Embler, among the first to enter the theater, managed to secure their favorite places—the first row and a little around to the left.

"Isn't it something awful," Miss Carr said indignantly. "There'll be an accident some day, and then I guess the management will have to number the tickets. I'm getting pretty sick of running up those stairs."

"Thank Heaven!" she thought inwardly, "I won't have to do it again in one while."

This statement had been made to Mr. Embler in the same form every time they had "rushed" together. He received it with the words, grimly prophetic, with which, invariably, he had answered it in the past. "They'll have to come to numbering the tickets sometime; public feeling will make them."

He helped Miss Carr off with her coat. He held it while she removed her gloves, put them in the little sack from which she had previously extracted her opera-glasses, removed and rolled up her veil, removed her hat and stabbed it, by the four hatpins, into the cushioned rail in front. Then she held his hat while he

took off his heavy coat, folded it over the back of his seat and placed his hat in the rack under the seat. They did not hurry because it was now half an hour before the play would begin and fifteen minutes before the orchestra would appear.

In the meantime, the crowd that had flooded at their heels were beginning to get seated. The laughter and screaming was now accented by *staccato* cries and comments. From all over the gallery came the calls of the swift to the halt.

"Here I am, Mame, over here."

"Sade, Sade, these are better seats than you've got—come over, won't you?"

"Julia, Julia—look—I got seats in the second row."

Through this confusion, the snapping of seats sounded like explosions. Gradually the noise died down to a steady murmur. There was a flutter of programs and occasional exclamations of delight as enthusiasts identified favorites in the cast. Candy-boxes appeared. The crowd settled down to an amicable wait.

Miss Carr surveyed the gallery.

"That crowd from Mellen & Black's here," she informed Mr. Embler, "over to the right—third row from the end."

Mr. Embler glanced back interestedly. "They've got a new girl with them tonight, haven't they?"

"No—that's that Miss Murphy's sister—she comes with them once in a while—she's a bright one—I like her. She looks like her sister—don't she?"

Mr. Embler admitted that she did.

"They have an awful nice time together—those girls—they always lunch in a crowd like that. Whenever I get in the same place they always invite me to their table. I tell you, they're up and a-coming. You have to keep your wits sharpened to keep up with them."

Mr. Embler made an inarticulate exclamation of assent.

"There's Miss Morrow over by the post—she didn't get a very good seat tonight, did she?"

Time was, Miss Carr reflected, that she herself had been compelled occasionally to take a seat behind a post. But that was before the eventful night when, forced to stand throughout a crowded performance, she had suddenly keeled over into the arms of the man beside her. That man was Mr. Embler. It was he also, who, with the help of a pair of ushers, bore her outside. After she recovered, he had hovered with her on the outskirts of the crowd, dismayed by her intention to see the play out. He had accompanied her to the car; he had offered to see her home. She had refused to permit that—although she let him find out that she always "rushed" the last night of every production at that theater.

After that they got into the habit of sitting together. This was the extent of their intimacy, for she never saw him outside. Before she met Mr. Embler she always made it a point to get near the head of the line. To accomplish that, she sometimes had to wait an hour in freezing weather, in the little alley through which the less-favored financially were admitted to the theater. This was no longer necessary. Mr. Embler was sure to be among the first ten. She could depend on him to hold a seat in the front row if there were a hundred in the line ahead of her. It had made her theater-going a good deal easier.

She did not know much about Mr. Embler except that he was a bookkeeper, a single man, and apparently friendless. Like her, the theater was his one passion and only extravagance. Miss Carr had a scrap-book in which she pasted her programs. Mr. Embler always made a point of picking up, in the foyer, one of the downstairs programs so that her book could have as splendid an appearance as possible. She also had a collection of pictures of actresses in which she was inordinately interested. Most of them were cut from magazines—Mr. Embler kept on the look-out for them and he had contributed scores. He always had a pocket full of theatrical clippings for her to devour at her leisure and, occasionally, he brought her a theatrical magazine.

It was Miss Carr who, initially, laid

down these dicta; Mr. Embler listened to her with a great deal of respect. He treated her always with a delicate mixture of awe and admiration. It was the tribute that those whose life has been a dead-level of hard work is apt to accord to the heroine of "better days." It soothed Miss Carr to pour into the ears of sympathy high-colored reminiscences of the epoch before she had had to learn typewriting. His social humility flattered her. If his attitude had been that of the suitor, she often told herself, she would have to break the friendship off.

Mr. Embler was short and stout. His legs were so fat and stiff that they looked as if they had exploded from his thick body. He was not middle-aged but he was soon going to be. He had solemn dark eyes, a mustache, black and uneven, that drooped walrus-like. He wore his hair "roached" on one side and a good deal of enigmatic, masonic jewelry hanging from a substantial gold watchchain.

Miss Carr was no longer young, and she never could have been pretty. Her features were a little sharp, and her uplifted nose seemed to pull a short upper lip away from a full lower one. There were two spots of flaring color on her high cheek-bones. But she had fine dark eyes, a remarkable head of hair, and her figure made quite the most of her clothes.

She was a cheerful person, with none of the having-seen-better-days attitude, once that fact had been revealed and paid tribute. In fact, she was so free from snobbishness, that a certain prideful announcement that she had presently to make came more diffidently from her lips than she expected.

"Oh, I sha'n't be here next Saturday night."

She put her glass to her eyes and surveyed the house with an appearance of carelessness.

"You're not going to miss, 'The Other Way,'" Mr. Embler protested in alarm.

"Mercy, I should say I wasn't. Grace Grimshaw is my favorite actress, you know, now that Rosina Vokes is dead. I guess I wouldn't miss her for forty red apples. But, you see, the nicest thing has just happened. My cousin Ellen has—remember hearing me speak of her?"

It would have been strange if Mr. Embler had forgotten. Descriptions of the splendors of Cousin Ellen's existence were star features of Miss Carr's conversational exhibit.

"Yes."

"Well, she wrote me the other day that she hated to think of me rushing up these stairs every week or so—she knows how crazy I am about the theater—and she said that her Christmas gift this year was going to be money and she hoped I'd spend it in buying good seats—although she wouldn't bind me to anything. And so for the rest of the year I'm going to sit in the orchestra.

"Isn't it lovely? I've always hated to rush. I hate everything about it—the cheap people and the programs and the noise and—and—everything. I don't feel at home here. I wasn't brought up that way. I don't know what my parents would think if they could see me here. Isn't it lovely that I haven't got to do it any more?"

"Great!" said Mr. Embler. But he spoke without enthusiasm. "Why, I suppose you won't ever come up here again."

This was what Miss Carr dreaded. "I suppose not," she said vaguely.

There was a long pause. Miss Carr had been, as she put it to herself, "in mortal terror" for fear he would propose to call on her. For, of course, she couldn't allow that. But she soon saw that he was going to suggest nothing of the sort. He knew his place, evidently. She was much relieved—there was almost a suggestion of pique in her feeling.

"Don't forget your friends in the peanut-gallery," he said jocosely, after a while.

"Of course I won't," Miss Carr declared.

She wanted to turn the subject but, suddenly, she was shy. It was Mr. Embler who did it, at last.

"Pretty girl—that one in the blue cape," he said in a detached way.

"Lovely!" Miss Carr was enthusiastic, unnecessarily so, perhaps. "Why, that's the one that sat in the box with the two men—don't you remember—the night Mansfield made that funny sarcastic speech. Don't you recall. She was

flirting with both of them; we couldn't decide which one she liked best.

"Sure, she's the one," Mr. Embler responded uninterestedly. "Well, she's got a new one to-night."

Miss Carr surveyed the party. "Yes, that's a new man. But she's real pretty, isn't she. She's got those same pearl side-combs in. I wonder where she gets her hair marcelled. Most probably though she's got a lady's maid of her own."

The house was beginning to wake up. The big central chandelier leaping into a ball of white fire, noiselessly exploded the darkness. Its satellites sparkled like diamond sunbursts; electric-flora pricked into brilliant life along the side-walls; the boxes snapped into rosy bloom; the house became a blooming marvel of red and blue and gold. Nymphs smiled, supporting the curtain-frame. Satyrs grinned in corners. Cupids played, in inextricable groups, along the edge of the boxes. Masks gazed eyelessly from cornices. People began to stream down the aisles—beautiful carriage-people, the women with bare heads, with trailing gowns, with wonderful wraps, the men in sleeved capes and collapsible hats. Pretty groups arranged and re-arranged themselves in the boxes. The ushers were skimming noiselessly down the aisles, snapping down seats, receiving and handing back the ragged squares of paper that meant admittance to all these splendors, flying with velvet footsteps back up the aisle, deftly dodging the avalanches of femininity.

A member of the orchestra poked a tentative head out from under the stage. He withdrew it. In an instant he reappeared. His *confrères*, bent like gnomes under the weight of unwieldly instruments, followed through the slit, took their seats, turned on to their music the cylinders of white light that topped the stands and began re-arranging the sheets. The leader appeared. Leisurely, *dégradé*, he climbed to his perch. He surveyed his music. He examined the house. He gave a preliminary tug to a scornful mustache. Producing baton, he cast an oblique glance to left, another to the right. He scowled at the printed page, tapped on the iron-stand, and raised a preëmptory

left hand. At the magic of his signal the music poured out. Simultaneously the asbestos curtain was drawn with swiftness upwards.

A glowing scene—not less beautiful to Miss Carr because she could see every detail of it with her eyes shut—unrolled the splendors of a court-dance in mediaeval Italy. And all the time the steady stream of beautiful women in the four aisles. From the gallery all this was faery.

Miss Carr and Mr. Embler were respectfully silent during the overture and through the breathless pause that brought up its close. Then there was the tinkle of a bell, the intoxicating flare of the footlights, the retreat of the house-lights until everything back of the orchestra was phantasm; then another pause, more tingling, the slow rise and stately disappearance of the Italian dance—an—and—and *THEN*—

There they were, the old familiar pair—Maggie the housemaid and James the butler—discussing intimate household affairs in the sunny, lawn-encircled breakfast-room.

It was a fine act. On that Miss Carr and Mr. Embler were unanimous. And the play grew even finer as it developed. But, somehow, the evening was not so pleasant as many Miss Carr had known. She was sorry for that, for it was likely to be their last. For one thing, Mr. Embler seemed to make fewer than usual of his droll remarks about the people down-stairs. Her quick eye picked out several who, from a gallery point of view, they knew very well. But he was not especially interested in them. He said good-by to her in abrupt, matter-of-fact words, still making no allusion to possible future meetings.

She dressed with careful precision the night she went to the closing performance of "The Other Way." She put on a gown so important that it would never have occurred to her to jeopard its freshness by wearing it to the "rush." It was of a foulard silk, brown with little white figures in it, a yoke of white chiffon and bows of brown velvet ribbon. And for the occasion, she had bought a pair of white gloves, a new veil, and a modest

bunch of violets. She had no evening-wrap, but her loose brown coat did not look like a rain-coat; she felt well-dressed when she started for the theater.

It was a windy night and the walk from the car ruffled her hair. Before going to her seat, she went into a room portiéed off from the foyer and marked "Ladies Parlor." It seemed a very beautiful place to her with its puffy, upholstered furniture, its little dressing-tables, making a brilliant display of silver toilet-articles, its smart black-gowned and white-capped maids. There were several mirrors, but it was not so easy to get close to them. A crowd of women was before them removing wraps, re-adjusting hair-ornaments, drawing on long-gloves. They peacocked before the glass, taking all the time they wanted, elbowing and shoving in so unconscious a way that it actually seemed as if they did not see each other. Miss Carr could not bring herself to join the maelstrom and push with the rest. She stood a moment contemplating the scene in perplexity. The music warned her presently that the curtain would soon go up. Without waiting longer, she checked her coat and hat and was conducted down the aisle to the fifth row. With a sigh of rapture, she sank down on a soft cushiony seat that mysteriously adjusted itself to her weight. She looked about her.

There was a good deal of confusion. People were crowding down the aisles laughing, talking, bowing, and chatting with acquaintances, picking out friends in the boxes, adjusting glasses, wielding beautiful fans.

Presently the bell tinkled and the curtain went up. Again the pair, to whom tradition has deputed the effort to hold the plot back until the audience gets seated, were discovered working vigorously. The play, being English, this time they were *Maggs and Horrocks*.

It seemed to Mary Carr that the audience never would settle down. And they kept coming. In her ears was a surge of sound made up of the rustling of fabrics, the snapping of programs, the whispered directions of ushers. Not that alone! The people already seated in comfort, lazily continued their conversation after a per-

functory glance at the setting. Until the appearance of the star, a pair just back of her briskly exchanged opinions in regard to a dance they had both attended. In vain Miss Carr, to whom the utterances of Miggs and Horrocks were as sacred as the peroration of the star, strained her ears. They were merely a gesticulating, mumbling pair of manikins until Grace Grimshaw's entrance compelled consideration.

It promised to be a beautiful play. In the first intermission her enthusiasm demanded an outlet. She wished lonesomely that she had a somebody with whom to talk it over. For one thing, she had jumped to a certain astute conclusion in regard to the heroine's past life. But it would not have occurred to her to address either of the women who sat near her. One, though gray-haired, was magnificent. She was chaperoning a party of buds. The other, in a sequined gown that made her flexible figure positively contortionistic, was red-haired and languishingly inaccessible.

She tried to entertain herself with the little *entr'acte* episodes, with the boys selling Miss Grimshaw's pictures, the little groups that gathered in the aisles, the animation in the boxes. She couldn't find the courage to signal to an usher flying by with glasses of water, held in an enormous castor. It meant that the glass would have to travel through five pairs of white-gloved hands to hers—it seemed too much to ask.

She studied the women about her. They were all exquisitely dressed and some of them were charming to watch. Their jewelry and hair-ornaments, in particular, fascinated her. A careful survey of her vicinity proved to her that she was the only unescorted woman in sight.

She kept turning her glass towards the gallery where she found Mr. Embler in their regular seat. He had apparently not found her. At any rate, whenever she looked up, he seemed to be examining some other part of the house. There was a woman, who appeared to be alone, sitting on one side of him. She wondered inconsequently if they would get acquainted before the evening was over.

The second act unveiled a thrilling

climax but the applause of the orchestra was polite rather than enthusiastic. Miss Carr continued to clap after everybody in her vicinity had stopped. The gallery took it up and threw it against the curtain with such spirit and vigor that Miss Grimshaw had to come out and bow and bow and bow again.

In the intermission she was compelled to listen to comments on her beloved Miss Grimshaw that were cruelly sarcastic. She did look old—Miss Carr who would have hated to acknowledge that to anybody else, had to acknowledge it to herself. In the half-light of the first act she had seemed to vibrate with girlishness, but in the glaring sunshine of the second act, her forty-odd years were painfully apparent in her thin, muscle-drawn throat and in the crows-feet about her eyes. Miss Carr had never seen these blemishes from her seat in the gallery; she regretted to have to see them now. In addition, she had to undergo the painful disillusion of finding that Maynadier, the leading-man, although young enough, was not handsome at all, as she had always supposed. He was not only ugly but mean and unpleasant-looking. The talk all about her irritated her. One man referred to the play as "a beastly bore." She devoted herself finally to the opulent program with which the management favored the orchestra. There were many pleasing jokes in it. She examined the advertisements with interest.

She tried to catch Mr. Embler's eye at the close of the last act, but he left the theater at once. She wondered if he had been looking for her and had missed her because of her different gown. She recalled with amused feminine tolerance that she had never been able to locate any girl to his vision by a mere description of her clothes. It always had to be something as definite as "third-row from the front, left, second seat in."

When she came out, her desire to unburden herself about the play impelled her to stand several minutes in front of the theater. She was hoping she would see Mr. Embler. She knew that his judgment would agree with hers. But he was nowhere in sight. As she walked to the car, her head dispiritedly down, she felt

somebody give her a quick glance, then hurry on. She turned. It was Mr. Embler making off through the crowd.

Miss Carr felt queer when she went to bed that night—so queer that she kept wondering if she were coming down with an illness.

The next two weeks were restless ones. Everything went wrong: things mixed themselves unaccountably at the office, the weather was bad, and she was conscious all the time of a nervous, dissatisfied feeling. Again and again it occurred to her that she needed a tonic. She found herself fretting and fuming over the slow passage of time. It seemed as if the closing night of "Mistress Dorothy," the new colonial play, never would come. She did not, however, buy her ticket several days in advance as she had planned. She could get quite as good a seat, she kept assuring herself, the night of the performance.

She dressed in her foulard gown and with a great many anxious glances into the glass. But when she reached the theater, she bought a rush seat, as if she had been intending it all the time, and joined the mob packed in the alley. Through the crowd she could catch an occasional glimpse of Mr. Embler standing close to the door. He did not glance back and she could not signal her presence to him. This was a matter of regret at first. At last she alternately hoped that he would and would not see her. Presently the door opened.

The rush upstairs left her unexpectedly dizzy: it was true, she concluded, she was not well. For a moment's rest she went into the room, curtly marked "WOMEN." It was a small, faded, smelly place, as crowded as the grander one downstairs. She sat on the very humpy, red-plush lounge to which Mr. Embler had borne her the night she fainted in his arms. She watched the women coming and going. There was only one meager mirror, but the girls reflected in its green depths, busy re-pompadouring blond or brune heads and re-forming in them, unbroken tiers of sidecombs, moved

over to give each other a chance.

One of their number—it was Miss Murphy's little sister—stopped to tell her that she had missed her two weeks ago. "Your steady aint saved a seat for you to-night—I guess he dont know you're coming," she concluded.

"I didn't expect to come," said Miss Carr forlornly.

She took a seat in the unfilled back-row. Mr. Embler was in his usual place, raking the orchestra with his glass. She suddenly felt homesick; she hated to spend the evening alone. But in another moment she saw the little girl with whom she had just spoken catch Mr. Embler's eye and signal in her direction.

Mr. Embler turned and caught her glance. His eye lighted up. Seizing his coat and hat he came bounding up the steep incline, two steps at a time.

"I'm real glad to see you," he said as he seated himself, "I missed you an awful lot. I didn't suppose you'd ever come up here again."

Miss Carr looked down in her lap. "I guess I'm never going to sit anywhere else if I want a good time," she faltered.

"Is that so?" Mr. Embler asked. "Is that so?" He fixed her hard with his steady eyes.

"I guess it is," Miss Carr said.

She looked up into his face. There were tears shining under her lashes. But she smiled.

The lights went down. The music came up.

Under the coat in her lap his hand suddenly reached over and seized hers in a clasp that said a great deal. But the pressure with which she returned it revealed perhaps as much.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," he said soberly, "when I looked down into the orchestra that night and saw—"

But just then the bell tinkled. The music drifted away toward silence. The curtain disappeared. And there was Delia the housemaid dusting the drawing-room while she slanged John the butler.

The hush of a happy anticipation fell upon those who sit up-stairs.

# John Quixote

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Author of "The Electrobat and Mon Pere," etc

**B**Y Gar, dey mak one hero out of me, an' I marry my Rosie, too, get beeg fine house, all on account of it—me w'at ant been capab' for swim one stroke! W'at you t'ink of such beesness, *hein?* Ant nevaire heard dat? Ho, wait, I tole you!"

Jean Beauleau stretched his stocking-feet toward the fire and bit off a whacking chaw; I settled myself to listen.

"All de Habitaw fellers on Croteau's Camp," he continued thickly, "dey called me 'Jean-Qui-Saute,' cause I use' to be one jumpin' Frenchman, lak you goin' for see pretty soon. De odders, Hamericans an' P. I. fellers, w'at ant speak *Franca*, mak dat name to be *John Quixote*." Yas, sir, I been call John Quixote by dem, two t'ree season on de drive. Say, w'at dat mean, eh, dat Quixote? Some funny-beesness, *hein?* I ant nevaire understan' dat name. Some Spaneesh man, you say, w'at been hero long tam ago an' mak everybody laugh? All right, dat's good joke on me, gr-r-rand, for two, t'ree season, only now I maybe turn dat joke on de odder side, win de prize, me, not be such big fool w'at dey try for mak me!

"Say, you w'at is Franchmans *qui saute*—jumpin' Franchmans, *hein?* No? Well, I tole you dat, too. Sometam Habitaw he get scare' sudden by some beeg noise, some grand excitements, somet'ing, an' lose hees nerves; so always after dat he's goin' for jump lak he been crazee every tam somebody holler at heem—goin' for do evryt'ing, anyt'ing w'at somebody tole heem. No matter w'at t'ing, foolish *dangereuse*, if somebody yell quick, loud, he do it, every tam. Hit mak one grand, beeg, eemense joke for everybody—except de Habitaw w'at do de jumpin'. Everybody like for mak him jump, mak him spill de soup at table, drop de haxe w'en he's been chop in de wood, jump on some mud-puddle, t'row away somet'ing w'at he ant want to lose—no matter w'at is, he's

got for do it, can't help it, im-possible! Dat's me, all right; I use' to be just dat way. Say, it ant no fun, for be a jumpin' Franchmans, now I tole you! An' yet, mistaire, dat's de very same t'ing w'at mak me a hero at de last, w'at win me my Rosie, wit' dis house an' all de land, w'at fix me all right so I ant have for work on de reever no more—after all, I ant got no kick, not by full jugs!"

Beauleau paused to scratch the memories from his shaggy poll. I leaned back in his squeaking rocker, looked out through his sunny window at the rough-cobbled, twisty little street of Trois Rivières, and waited.

Presently he began again:

"Happem dis way. Dat last year w'at I work, four Spring ago, everybody's been pretty good for me on Croteau's Camp ex-cept one beeg, eemense Habitaw, Batiste Coderre, w'at always go for mak some trouble wit' me. Why for? *Bon Di*, w'at's de use for tell you all de tam me an' him been rival, been mak love to de same Franch gal, an' neither one been capab' for get ahead de odder? Rosie Sallier, *ouay, mossieur*, dat's her *—ma femme* now! You hear her get de *souper*, dis very minute, out in de kitchen? No matter—de trouble been between me an' Coderre more as two year, an' gettin' worse all along, so bad at last dat Coderre he swear he's goin' for do me up sometam *tout de bon*. All de Spring in camp, dat year, he's been mak fun wit' me, get de laugh on me, mak me jump pretty often—one tam he's mak me t'row my silver watch in cedar swamp so I ant nevaire find it, no, sir! If he ant been 'bout two tam bigger as me, I t'ink we have had some beeg fight all de tam; but I ant dare tackle him, so de trouble she's drag along, drag along, go from worse to bad. It go dat way till people begin for say I been one coward—Rosie she hear dat, too, an' I been in danger she t'row me over an' marry dat bully, you *comprend*?"

"Oh, t'ings go terreeble for me, dat Spring, how Coderre he mock himself of me an' jump me, how all de odders pile in, laugh an' joke me, how I sometam hear from Rosie I got for do different, brace up, an' be a man or I get de haxe, yas, sir! A beeg fight, I know, she got to come pretty soon, an' I know de one w'at lick dat fight goin' for get Rosie, wit' her house an' de land—an' I know, too, w'at's de worst of all, dat de feller w'at's going for lick de odder ant been call John Quixote!"

"Well, say, dat fight, you know, dat fight she's break de—w'at you call it?—de record, *hein?* Sure t'ing, she's break de record on Croteau's Camp. It happem one Tuesday evenin', one tam w'en de boss been away to Lotbinière. De late part of de season it been, when we get de last of de logs down from de yards to de reever, an' just been waitin' for de ice go out, for mak de drive. Everybody been tired, bad in de temper, ready for trouble, 'specially me an' Coderre. Right after souper, dat evenin', de fight she's commence, an' say, she ant finish till most nine o'clock; an' when she finish dere ant one man on dat camp has got a whole skin; ant one chair has got more as two lags, ant no lamp left; de deacon-seat she's been broke in two piece, an' de stove she's been w'at it say on de newspaper 'total wreck.' John Quixote been at de bottom of de pile, too, lak I goin' tole you!"

"Here's how she go, dat fight. After de *souper*—good *souper*, too, wit' beanswagin, molasse an' hot biscuit—I change my moccasin, fill my pip an' go for have one good smoke. Well, just about de tam my match she's burn goodan' I been goin' for light dat pip, '*Jetta-la!*' yell Coderre loud lak thunder in my ear, an' ba gollee, how I throw dat match—throw her so she's fall red-hot in de neck of Chip Wenzell, one beeg herrin'-choker from Prince Edward's. Chip he's holler an' grab, an' de glowin' match she's fall down hees back. Up he jump, wit' language explodin' out of him lak one Mount Mesnuvius, swing a fist an' lift Coderre on de jaw so hees head hit *van!* on de bunk. *Sapristi*, such a hit!"

"Take dat!" holler Chip. "You done

it wit' your blam foolin'! I'm good mind give you 'nodder one, see?"

"Everybody bust out laughin'. 'Dat's right!' 'Hit 'im again!' 'Give him good one for me!' holler some of de boys w'at ant love Coderre much.

"Coderre he jump up mad lak some hornets, an' take one, two steps toward Chip, but Chip he's look pretty beeg, an' his fist been double hard lak iron, so Coderre he's think better an' turn on me.

"'You *sacré* leetle *torieux*!' he shout, rubbin' his head wit' one hand, an' makin' a fist wit' de odder, 'I'm good mind pass dat along to you! Yes, sir, for five cen' I mak you flat same as one mashed *maranguin*!' Tink of it! He raise his fist on me 'fore everybody, he call me *torieux* an' mosquito! How I goin' stand it? Sure I been scared, but everybody laugh more, mak w'at you call de jolly of me, and den, too, I t'ink of *la belle* Rosie—de blood rush on my face, go red in front of my eyes.

"'Bat him!' yell somebody—I jump forward, lak *scat*, an' ba gollee I give him hard, quick blow wit' all my force on de odder side his head from where Chip hit, so dat *voila!* down he fall again, not expectin' it, an' knock his head once more!

"'Good boy.' 'Go it!' 'Hammer it to him!' I hear de fellers shout, all crowdin' round, an' I jump on dat Coderre, as he lay strugglin' on de floor, I go for follow dat blow up; but some Hamericans in de crowd. (Hamericans have some fool idea 'bout not hit a man w'en he's down, so much as to say dat w'en you been fightin' you ant want to hurt de odder feller all you capab'!), some Hamericans, I tole you, grab me an' pull me back, an' holler 'Fair play!' 'Let him up!' 'Make a ring!' W'at I can do? *Malheur!* I have for wait till Coderre he get up, mad now lak some bull wit' red rags, an' rush for me. I dodge—*sacré bleu*, how I wish I can run, but I ant no chance for do it, no, sir—I have for stay an' finish dat, sure t'ing! He rush, I dodge, he miss me, for I been quick on my feet—he swing his fist, but ant touch nothin'. He turn on me again, mad so dat de veins on his neck been swell out lak string.

"*Crapaud!*" he holler, poundin' his chest wit' both fist. "You little jumpin' *crapaud!* You wait one minute an' I bet I mak you jump dis tam sure! Dis goin' for be one grand jump, houp-là!"

"An' up he spring in de air wit' a yell w'at mak my blood feel cold lak de reever-water in *Janvier*. He spring up an' knock de heel togedder, lak he always do w'en he de maddest posseeble. In spite his heavy boots wit' spike in de sole, w'at you call de corked boots, he jump t'ree foot high, an' twice his heel hit each odder before he come down an' rush for me, both arm swingin', both fist double up, so, lak he goin' mash me wit' one *coup*. Ah-ha! He's been so mad he ant keep no guard at all. Zut! I dodge low, shoot up my fist an' take him under de chin so his teeth dey rattle lak de bones in a minstrel-show. His big arm swing, but he ant hit me—he go over my head, an' begin for tell all 'bout my ancestors, 'way back, an' everybody laugh an' cheer, everybody crowd 'round us in dat log-

camp, oh twenty, thirty lumberjacks, wit' only one oil-lamp for keep de dark out. Half a *douzaine* climb up on de deacon-seat, for see us lak dey been on one gran'-stand; two, t'ree jump on de stove (de fire been most out), for have box-seat in de great show. An' in de middle of all dat excitements was me an' big Coderre jumpin' round lak fleas, rushin' lak mad bulls, tryin' for kill each odder wit' fist an' foot an' teeth.

"Well, sir, Coderre he's get madder an' madder every minute; he rush me, his arms flyin' round lak some windmill. W'at's dat? De Spaneesh feller fight windmill, *hein?* *Mon Di*, I ant know nothin' 'bout dat; de only thing I know next been Coderre's big fist come pan! —on my head-side, so I stagger lak I been drink one quart, mebbe two quart of dat Canadaw high-wine. All kinds stars bust out in bunches; my head she spin so I feel lak she's goin' for come off, an' ho my, w'at yells an' hollers dat crowd make, an' stampin' wit' de feet, wavin'



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"Sapristi! such a nit!"

wit' de harms in dat dark old camp ! Den, 'Look out ! *Gare*.' yell some of de boys, an' I see Coderre rushin' me, goin' knock my head off dis tam, sure. Say, w'at I do, *hein*? De only trick I know—I double up lak one ball, an' jump (I been good jumper, you bet!) jump wit' all my strength in de stomach of dat Coderre.

"'Houff!' he grunt; an' w'at you t'ink? His spiked boot-heel she must have catch on de rough pole-floor, for he lose his balance an' go down, slam on de poles, wit' me grabbin' for his t'roat. Such a holler w'at de crowd mak! Holler an' cheer an' hooray for leetle Jean-Quisauete w'at lick dat windmill, Coderre !

"Coderre he get up ravin', and we sail in again. We dance round an' round, everybody disputin', makin' *la grande commune*; me tryin' for tire out dat feller. He swing for my head, I duck; I try for reach his neck, but ant been capab' break de guard, an' jump away. '*Moucheron*!' he hiss—call me de gnat, see? because I ant goin' for stand still an' let him rake de face off me! I feel in my belt, wish de *bon Dieu* let me have my huntin'-knife; but no, I ant got him—nothin' but my two bare han's, dat's all, for kill dat animal. W'at kind of way is dat to fight, *hein*? same lak some lucives in de wood !

"I circle, circle, lookin' for some place I dodge in an' break his jaw, but he's been careful; he ant let me have no chance. Den, all of a sudden, he's rush at me—I dodge back—he drive me against de stove, whirl, mak one leap an' give me dat backward-kick w'at dey call *tirer la savate*! I see it comin', turn my head one side; if I ant, my whole face been peel off by dem spikes in de boot-sole. Lak it was, de spikes hit my neck—see? Yas, dem marks is de scar of w'at Coderre he done to me, dat tam. Some grand, terreeble pain shoot t'rough my neck, I stagger, t'row up my hands, an' fall over de stove backwards, dat stove w'at already been hold up t'ree men. *Rataplan*! How she's bust, dat stove! Sound lak one boiler-shop she's explode; it rain stove-pipe, soot, ashes, burnin' wood, men, ole iron—somebody grab at de lamp, fallin', an' bang! she's smash, bust up, de camp she's been dark, full

of smoke, fightin' men, language, all in one second, an' me lyin' on de bottom of dat pile, my neck bleedin', my head 'bout unconscious wit' de pain, seein' eemense big star, lak comet, wit' long tails w'at go in grand big circles, every color, somet'ing wonderful!

"'Camerades! *Au secours*!' I hear some Franchmans yell, an' de cloudburst come. Lumber-camp, wit' mixed crew, you know, been one powder-barrel anyway; all w'at you need is one match, an' *Pouf*!

"Well, say, dat Croteau's Camp been lak whirlpool, lak de Lachine rapides w'en you run 'em in canoe—only I ant know much about it. I lay under dat busted stove, bleed lak *cochon* out of my neck; I ant more dan half hear dat gr-r-rand, terreeble riot in de dark, when everybody been fightin' wit' fist, bench, chair, stovepipe, teeth, hot iron, boots, *toute sorte de choses*!

"'Bout four days after dat—Saturday night it was—just w'en my neck's been de most sore, healin' up, an' my mind been sorer as my neck, hearin' de fellers rub it in how Coderre he's lick me, hearin' Coderre himself rub it in, one letter come for me on de post-box w'at been nailed to de big tamarack near de landin'. De tote-team feller bring dat letter up to camp. De letter, she's been from Trois Rivières; w'en I see dat post-mark an' de writin' I tr-ramble, me, for I know she's from Rosie. I ant hardly been capab' tear open de envelope, my hand she's shook so. Everybody crowd 'round, want to hear w'at de letter say, try for jolly me, but I ant let 'em—no, I crawl in my bunk, light one candle I got stuck on a piece of bark, an' read dat all myself. 'Bout two words been enough.

"'Mossieur,' she say, 'I hear full account of dat fight you have—how your terreeble temper mak you strike poor Batiste de first blow—how he defend himself—how you get terreeble-lickin', lak you deserve—' an' so on, somet'ing frightful, an' finish wit' some remark how no Franch gal goin' for marry one man wit' temper lak mine, one *lâche*—coward, *hein*?—w'at get licked same lak I done. Dat's all, dat an' *'adieu à jamais*.'

Say, mistaire, t'ink of dat! *Bon Dieu*, an' me w'at love dat gal so much! W'en I read de letter, some groan come out my lungs—I feel sick all over lak I been get some more kick from Coderre, only de difference dat a *congé* from man's best gal hurt much more worse as any lickin', yas, sir, ba gollee!

"Now, dat ant been de worst part yet! W'at you t'ink happem next? You ant goin' believe dat, maybe, not even w'en I tole you it's de true. Rosie, dat fine gal, she's tak notion for visit on Croteau's Camp, yas, sir, for come on dat rough place, see de beginnin' of de drive! Dat been her excuse, I s'pose; but I bet you it's for see Coderre an' also mak me sore, dat's w'at!

"Her *père*, you know, her *père* he come wit' her, so it's all right; he been one great friend wit' de boss. People sometam comes for see de drive begin, so dat ant nothin' strange; but de t'ing w'at's been strange, most misfortunate for me is to see dat gal just dat tam after she's t'row me down—see her mak eyes at Coderre an' geeeve me de cold shoulder, *ouay, mosieur!*

"Well, she come a few days later, wit' her old man an' her cousin Pauline an' some boatmen w'at row *bateau* for dem down de reever. Say, but she look fine—gr-r-rand! She wear some beautiful dress, red an' yellow, wit' big green hat—*très belle!* I ant nevaire see her look so *magnifique*—pinkcheek, sparklin' eye!

"I been workin' on de yard wit' cant-dog, rollin' log down de bank into de reever w'en I see her, dat tam; an' I feel 'shamed' now I tole you—me, in my old mackinaw, moccasin, p'nted cap! I pull off de cap, bow low to her; but say! she ant see me no more as dough I been one scrub-pine! De whole crew been on dead jump for get de last of de yard down in de watter, where most of de winter's cut been lyin'—whole stream for long way been covered wit' log, held by big boom 'way below, ready for start on de drive. W'en de foreman see me stop work, tak off my cap, he holler: 'Hey, you, get busy you dub!' An me—w'at I can do? Nothin'—no, I have for grab dat cant-dog an' go rollin' timber, my heart most bustin' wit' de hinsult an' de

laugh w'at Rosie mak of me! I been glad for cut dat foreman's t'roat, yas, sir, ba gollee!

"Rosie, wit' de odder visitors, she's pick her way lak kitten over de rough ground, 'long de reever-bank. Sometam she's stop for speak wit' somebody she know—she been 'quainted wit' lot of de men from Trois Rivières—it's only me she ant know—me wit' my neck all wrap in bandage, where dat bully spike me. She stop, talk wit' Coderre, look very happy, shake han's wit' him, *bavarde* wit' him good five minute, an' de foreman ant say one word, not one *sacré* syllab', no, sir! Say, mistaire, perhaps I ant grit my tooth some, double my fist, t'ink how good it feel for slide my knife between de rib of dat Coderre! I guess so! Den she pass on, down de reever-bank, for see dat great eemense crib of log w'at reach two mile down de stream.

"After while it come noon—dinner-tam. Everybody been in fine good spirit, everybody happy, for de boom goin' be cut dat afternoon, de drive she's goin' for commencé, an' on de drive, you know, it's hard work, but more pay, more fun, lots *eau d'vee*, pretty good doin's, I t'ink, yas. Everybody been happy, everybody but John Quixote, dat's me. At dinner, everybody's been talk at one tam, *Franca*, Anglishe, all mix up togelder. Rosie she sit on de boss-table, along wit' de odder visitors an' de boss an'—say!—dat Coderre he sit dere, too—been hinvited by de boss! Ant dat been tuf for John Quixote?

"Dat Coderre, you know, he joke, laugh, talk loud, mak big story how strong he been, how he ant nevaire been lick by nobody, how dere ant no man on de reever can break jam lak him, can run a log so good—he's tell how he been de whole cheeses. Everybody admire Coderre, Rosie more as all de rest—oh how I grind my tooth! I ant know if I eat pork, biscuit, bean-swagin', ognion—hit all taste alike to me, an' bitter, bitter, now I tole you!

"Now, you know, after dinner we all go out on de reever-bank, happy an' glad (all but me!) because de drive goin' for begin. De reever, you know, she mak one big bend by dat camp, an' sweep 'round

wit' grand eemense current from de pool above to de dead-watter below; over a quarter of a mile she plunge down some big rocks, all sharp an' black an' jagged. In de dead-watter below de rapides lay de beginnin' of de log-crib, w'at stretch down-stream two mile. Well, we come out on de bank near de upper pool, above de rapides, for rest a little, an' talk, an' mebbe have some game for honor de visitors. Everybody been ready for good tam, some fun, except John Quixote, w'at been ready for murder. If John got for be de black sheep on dat *compagnie*, why for he ant mak it pay, *hein?* Oh, I tole you, de thoughts in my head been some-

gin-store an' pass him 'round. Everybody drink one glass, but I drink two, me, say I got headache. An' dat *eau d've* mak my blood run lak she's been fire in my heart! After some talk an' laugh, Rosie she's raise her voice, singin'

*"Allouette, genti' alouette,  
Allouette, je te plumerai!  
Je te plumerai le bec,  
Je te plumerai le dos,  
Et les pattes  
Et les-ailes!"*

an' everybody (but me!) join in de chorus.

*"Allouette, genti' alouet-te,  
Allouette, je te plumerai!"*

Dey *plume* dat poor unfortunate bird



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

I crawl in my bunk an' read dat all myself

t'ing terreeble! W'at a fine place dat been for murder, sure—dat high bank, mebbe twenty, thirty foot high, right over dat pool wit' de rapides w'at thunder an' foam an' throw de spray in rainbow, just a leetle down de stream!

"Somebody sing one song—everybody light up pip an' bad seegar; de boss even bring out some *eau d've* from de waun-

till, by gar, dey take pretty much every las' feather off heem! Say, I feel *sympathique* for dat lark, me—I know just 'bout how he must feel, ba gollee!

"Say, *tout à coup* dat Coderre, his face all red an' flushed, jump an' holler:

"Now dat de lady she's mak some amusement for us, it's de place some man show w'at he can do! I challenge

anybody run one log 'cross de pool, over an' back, for one month's pay! Anybody take me up, my money against his money?"

"Everybody look surprise', but ant nobody say a word. Dat's pretty hard trick, yas, sir, stand on slippery log, spin it wit' de feet, an' mak it go anywhere, lak tame *cheval*! Hard anywhere, an' *dangereuse*, but just foolishness in place lak dat pool, right above some rapides lak on de reever! Only man w'at swim lak fish tackle any such t'ing—nobody ant say nothin', only look an' wonder.

"You try it, 'Poleon?' ask Coderre. 'No? Well, you, boss? No, again? P'raps Jean-Qui-Saute try it, *hein?*'

"Everybody laugh, Rosie more as anybody—she know I ant swim one stroke—everybody know it. De blood go lak it bust my face, an' I tr-ramble wit' rage; but I keep still, say nothin', try for mak believe I t'ink it's some good joke, too, an' laugh—such a sick laugh w'at it been! 'Zut!' I think, 'perhaps he try it, perhaps he get drowned, all right—den I get my vengeance, sure t'ing!' So I keep quiet, let de bully be de whole t'ing, hope he's goin' for get kill himself pretty quick, right off.

"Well, *mossieur*, dat Coderre he's got de nerve, all right, I say dat much for him. He throw his p'inted cap on de ground, take pick-pole, slide down de steep bank to de pool, mak one jump an' land on beeg hemlock log w'at been lyin' by de shore, push off into de current. De log she's swing some, when she feel de pull of it, but Coderre he's spin her wit' de feet, balance himself wit' de pick-pole, guide an' steer dat hemlock just lak she been a boat, wit' him rowin' it. Everybody look down at him, everybody cheer; Coderre he's spin an' guide de log—bimeby, in four, five minute he's beach de hemlock on de odder bank.

"'Hola!'—he's shout, wavin' his hand, 'dat's *facile* for me! Now I goin' for show you somet'ing w'at no odder man on de reever been capab' to do—I run dat log back without pick-pole, an' barefoot!"

"You ant goin' believe it, *mossieur*, but Coderre, dat bully, he's sit down on de log, unlace his shoes an' throw 'em

on de bank, chuck his pick-pole after de boots an' stand up again, barefoot, just balance wit' his arms, hang on by his toes on de rough bark, w'at been all wet an' slippery. It mak some of de fellers cry out 'Stop! Stop! Don't try dat, right above de rapides! *Gare!*' But dat Coderre he's only laugh, wave his hand to Rosie, an' run up an' down de log lak he's been one squirrel. Den he spin de log again, roll her in de watter back again toward de camp shore.

"De current begin for get good grip on de log, now, mak her drift pretty fast down toward de rapides, but Coderre ant care none; he's sure of w'at he can do, he know how he can mak de log mind him just lak she's been tame animal. On an' on he come, steady, sure—by gar, I mos' have for admire dat feller myself, dough I been hope, how I been hope he goin' for get drowned right off! It most look lak he's goin' reach de shore—he's just strike de place where de current run so fast, 'bout sixty foot from de bank, when w'at you t'ink? Pan! his foot strike some piece wet, slimy moss on de log, his lags fly up, his head flop down, an'—splash! he's in de reever, gone under de watter—only de log been dere, drawin' an' drawin' down towards de foam an' rocks an' thunder of de rapides!

"Big, eemense yell go up from everybody—even me! How everybody been scare—how I been happy, yas, sir! Some run, jump down de bank for get *bateau* some run for rope, some only holler. Rosie been one w'at only holler—holler an' run down along de reever-side, lookin' for see where Coderre come up. Nobody ant see nothin' of heem, for a minute or two, only a big lot of foam an' bubbles—den he come up, blowin', an' strike out for de odder shore, w'at been good hundred fifty feet away. De current pull an' pull an' twist him 'round—he see he ant goin' for mak dat odder shore, so he turn an' swim lak madman for de camp—much nearer, but de current she's been somet'ing fierce where he been now, I goin' tole you! And me, ant I been happy, *hein?* I guess!

"'Back! Go back!' yell de boss, an' 'Back! Back!' echo Rosie, white lak some



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"She ant see me no more as dough I been one scrub pine."

mouchoir. 'Come along!' 'Hurry!' holler some odders; 'Stay dere!' 'Hold on!' 'Rope's comin'!' scream still some more—but now Coderre he's gettin' out of reach—he's goin' fast down de current, he's swim, fight, blow, struggle in de watter, all smooth an' oily, w'at's pull him faster, faster—down toward where she break to foam an' thunder on de rocks—faster, almost, as what I run on de bank over his head, so glad, so happy for see him get w'at he's deserve! Say, dat's pretty bad place for any man, eh?

Even de best swimmer ant got no show; if he ant kill on de rocks, but only stunned, de reever goin' suck him under de log-crib, sure, an' it's solid log for two mile! Everybody been runnin' down de edge of de bank, same lak me, all chatterin' at once—Rosie she run, too, an' now she's blue-color—her eye been lak some cow's eye w'en you take away de calf, *hein?* Coderre he bubble an' fight an' swim; de current swing him close in shore, right under de bank. I run ahead; he swing 'round one, two tam in kind of

eddy ; I lean over, look down, right on de edge of de bank, see ? I want for watch how de first *chute* fix him, see whether he's goin' drown or get *écrasé* on some rock, or how. Look ! Now he's comin'—now he's slide down de first long, steep *saut* ! He holler ; throw up his hand ; I see his face, pale, twisted ; he go down, down, an'—

“Jump ! Save him ! !

Rosie's voice—loud, shrill, right behind me—thrill through me lak h'lectric shock—an' w'at you t'ink, *hein* ! I be blessed, mistaire, if I ant spring, leap, jump lak jumpin'-jack, right out in de air, out over dat high bank, an' down on de watter, ker-soush, me, in de rapides, all smother an' roar, an' foam, ice-cold, too—an, me w'at ant been capab' for swim one stroke ! *Sacré bleu*, suchat'ing !

“Down I go, way under de watter, bubble — bubble — bubble — strangle —choke—an' up I come, whirlin', blow de watter out my lungs an' catch one-half a breath an' go down again, sweepin' along for de rocks, dis way, dat way, round an' round, over an' under, top-side bottom—somet'ing terreeble—whoosh !

“I fight, struggle, throw out de hands ; an' say, mistaire, you ant need for believe me, but I tole you de true, my fingers ketch holt on somet'ing—I grab it, an' w'at you t'ink ? Hit been de shirt of dat Coderre ! Yas, sir, right by de shirt-back I catch him, between de shoulder, an' we go rush an' tumble down de rapides togedder, him an' me w'at hate each odder lak poison ! I hang on wit' all my strength, for get saved myself ; but funny t'ing, Coderre he ant swim none, ant struggle lak me—he's been hit his head on some stone an' go insenseless, limp, wopsis round in de whirl lak dishrag, all through dat foam, rush, thunder, spray, ice-cold rapides.

“Oof ! Somet'ing knock de wind out of me—a rock w'at I dash on wit' my chest. One arm she whip round dat rock ; de odder hand she's hold on lak death to de shirt of Coderre. Why for ? *Mon Di*, how I know ? I mus' been crazee, dat's all, for hang on to dat feller ! Say, mistaire, w'at a pull, *hein* ? Dat reever she's drag at me lak ten meelion *diablos*, tryin' for whirl me down to de bottom, batter my

brain out, tryin' for wrench away dat Coderre—wrench, tug, pull ! *Euh-h-h-h* ! I grunt hard, grind my tooth, hang on de rock lak leech—an' over me, over Coderre boil an' roar dat watter, black, cold, heavy, fast—*bon Dieu*, how fast she's run.

“How long dat last ? I ant been capab' for tole you, *mossicur*—all w'at I know is dat after long, long tam I hear some noise, some yell ; an' den, pretty soon, *bateau* she's come down de rapides pretty slow, at de end one long rope. T'ree men been in her—de boss, an' foreman, an' one Hamericain feller. An' say, *mistaire*, w'en dey lift me an' him on dat *bateau*. I cave in, you know, lak I been made from soft mud. And I ant know not'ing, *rien*, for two, t'ree hour, no, sir, ba gallee !

“You stay for *souper*, *mossieur* ? Now, now, you ant got for hurry—dat's only one big hexcuse what you geee me. You stay for *souper*, meet *ma femme*, dat same Rosie, w'at been marry wit' me four year summer-behind-next. She been pretty sure tole you how she ant been capab' resist me w'en I been such a brave fellers, get praise' by everybody, mak everybody talk so much. I can't tole you dat myself, for I been too modest, me ; but Rosie she tell you all right, sure ! Stay for *souper*, hear all 'bout our weddin', de finest weddin' ever on dis *paroisse* ; hear how her hold man give us dis house, dis land, so I ant nevaire work on de reever again : hear how Coderre he's still been lumberjack, an' not even foreman yet ! You better stay ; we been goin' for have woodchuck, dat's so, all cook in his own fat. An' woodchuck, now I tole you, you take woodchuck, roast him, baste him, put planty patates all round an' butter on top, planty spice an' ognion, an' I just so soon have chicken as have him !

“Dere ant only one t'ing better as woodchuck—dat's lean back in de rock-in'-chair, smoke my pip, an' hear Rosie tell how I been one gr-r-r-and eemense hero, dat tam I reesk my life for save my rival in de rapides, just because de girl we both been fight for yell 'Save heem ! in my ear, and I been jumpin' Frenchmans.”



**Parisian Fashion Model 15  
FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Doucet:—Evening costume of white mousseline de soie, made  
over satin, and ornamented with embroidered flowers.



**Parisian Fashion Model II B**  
**FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Redfern:—Street costume of brown cloth, trimmed with lace,  
and bands of plaited satin of the same shade.



**Parisian Fashion Model III B  
FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Drécoll:—Costume of plaited blue taffeta; the waist made over  
white muslin.



**Parisian Fashion Model IV B**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

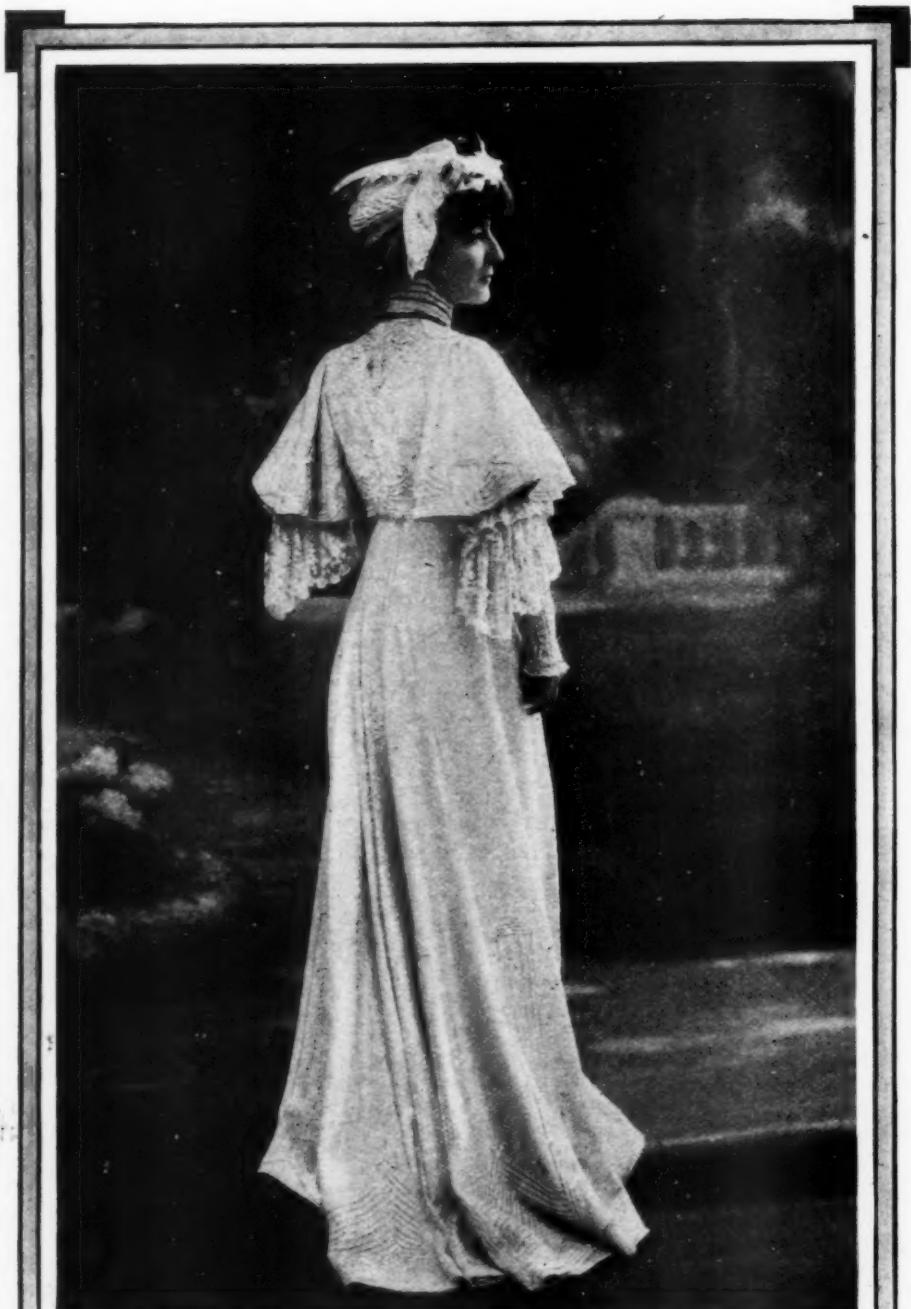
Maison Paquin:—Evening costume of white satin, embroidered with blue pearls. The coat is of black satin.



**Parisian Fashion Model VB**  
**FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Paquin:—Afternoon costume of light brown cloth with long  
coat of the same material.



**Parisian Fashion Model VI B  
FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Redfern:—Costume of white broadcloth trimmed with white braid.



**Parisian Fashion Model VII B**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Drécoll:—Afternoon costume of blue Nattier, the bolero ornamented with large silk buttons.



**Parisian Fashion Model VIII B  
FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

Maison Beer: —Dinner costume of orange mousseline de soie trimmed  
with embroidered flowers.

## Some Dramas of the Day

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

THE record of incidents of the dramatic season of 1907-8 might begin with descriptions of any of a dozen new plays. The New York theaters opened early this year and the activities of their managers have already been great, although it must be admitted that a drama is yet to be produced, the stability of which entitles it to special distinction either as a work of art or as a vehicle of genuinely good entertainment.

Because a very strong popular taste still survives for Western melodrama, two well staged examples of such plays assert their claim for first attention. Mr. Edmund Day's "The Round-Up" and Mr. Augustus Thomas' "The Ranger," each dealing with rough life in the Southwest, contain the stuff that has an electrical effect upon audiences. The first depends for its success upon one swift stroke of amazing realism; the second is an example of gradual but culminating dramatic effect. Each, therefore, travels to its desired end along its own path.

Even in these days of bewildering spectacular display you do not often witness a scene building up an illusion of actual things that surpasses the third act of "The Round-Up." Your eyes ache and your throat becomes parched as you gaze across the arid, rocky distances of the Arizona desert. In sheer admiration of the ingenuity of the setting you forget for the moment that somewhere in this alkali wilderness Dick Lane is dying of thirst and that Jack Payson, who stole his sweetheart, is struggling at her command to rescue him.

Down a steep declivity presently rides in single file a score of Cherokee Indians at the risk of their own and their ponies' necks. They disappear into a cavern, emerge again and are lost to view in the distance. Then the thirst-maddened, ghostly Lane appears among the rocks and, later, his valorous rescuer. You knew it was going to happen just that way.

Suddenly a shot sounds from the cliffs above. The Indians are upon the pair. They put their backs together and fight



Macklyn Arbuckle as *Slim Hoover* in  
"The Round-Up"

desperately. In another instant all the rocks are ablaze with fire. General Crook's cavalry, with repeating-rifles and machine-guns, has come up in the nick of time and all the furies of war seem to be let loose.

Buffalo Bill never invented for exhibition in a ten-acre lot an imitation of battle that surpasses the five minutes which ensue. I am accustomed to realism in the theater and I usually see through its sham. But this single episode in "The Round-Up" made my blood tingle.

I will not go into particulars concerning the rest of the play for it is piffle. The story is conventional and as clumsy as the hand of an amateur can make it. The characters are dummies seen only in an outward aspect. It does not once occur to you that they are intended for living beings supposed to think for themselves.

But many failings may be excused in "The Round-Up," if only for the sake of its one big scene built of canvas and gunpowder.

In Mr. Thomas' "The Ranger" you get melodrama of better substance. Its roots are deeper in the soil, its characters impress you as more lifelike and its story, in the telling, bears frequent traces of expert craftsmanship. Yet it is hardly worthy of the author of "In Mizzoura" or "Arizona" for the development of its plot is spasmodic and hampered by an overload of detail. It is beautifully staged and there is an absence of spectacular effect. Its interest grows steadily but when the curtain falls you note that there has been no overpowering climax.

You learn what sort of a man *Capt. Esmond*, the Ranger, is when, early in the opening act, he pursues a desperado into the streets of Gordo Lorna, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande River, captures him, and orders him summarily shot. Trouble is brewing in the little town, for the peons employed in a neighboring mining camp are on a strike and anxious to wreak vengeance upon their dishonest superintendent, *Harrington*, and the mine-owner, *Mr. Osgood*, who is there with his daughter, *Dorothy*.

*Esmond*, a rough untutored chap—a latter-day Davy Crockett—has met *Dorothy* before. He had rescued her from a bed of quicksand with a lasso and dragged her to firm ground in anything but modest and digni-

fied fashion. In return she had boxed his ears but the sting of the blow had not lessened the deep impression her beauty and spirit had made in his heart.

There is not much time to renew acquaintances however, for soon the strikers, maddened at the killing of the desperado, are upon the party. The latter are driven into a corral and a siege begins. The white people are short of water and rations and peril glowers upon them. Help must be summoned for the little garrison and *Esmond* is selected to make the ride of forty miles to a company of American cavalry stationed on the American side of the Rio Grande. Common danger has brought him and *Dorothy* together and they have opened their hearts to each other. The new peril he is about to court changes her admiration into love.

*Harrington*, the mine superintendent, is also in love with *Dorothy*, so it is with satisfaction that he sees the Ranger on his plunging pony dash through the gates and along the mountain trail. The rising dust along the way, the flash of *Esmond's* pistol exchanging shot for shot as he hurries onward through the breaking dawn, make an exciting ending for the second act.

By the time he returns *Harrington* has led the girl to believe that her new lover has been instrumental in killing her brother. Circumstantial evidence, indeed, points strongly to that fact, for a passport and photograph found on the body are apparent proof that the



Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold"



PHOTO BY WHITE

Robert Edeson, Frank McIntyre, and Sidney Ainsworth in "Classmates"

executed man was the New Yorker. This is the complexion affairs have taken when *Esmond* returns alone, the cavalry having refused to ride back with him on Mexican soil without orders from Washington.

So the conflict continues around the lovers and in their hearts through another day and night. The miners begin to throw dynamite and the defenses are gradually weakened. The Ranger and his white charges are almost in the last ditch when aid unexpectedly arrives in the form of a body of Mexican *rurales*. The miners are then dispersed and the little garrison is relieved.

Most melodramatic writers would be satisfied to end the play here. But Mr. Thomas' dramatic fabric suddenly receives new interest, for the Ranger is placed under arrest by the captain of the *rurales*. He is charged with murder, in having ordered the execution of a white man on Mexican territory without authority.

In the *patio* of the official palace, an exceedingly beautiful stage picture, the trial takes place. One by one the Mexican

witnesses are examined, and in good old melodramatic fashion the coils begin to tighten around the accused. If only *Esmond*'s six witnesses could arrive! The time is short. But he had demanded an immediate hearing and must abide by the consequences.

At the last moment the much needed men arrive. Almost the first to burst into the *patio* is *Dorothy*'s brother. He had been robbed by the desperado, which explains the finding of the passport and photograph. *Esmond* is quite as much relieved as *Dorothy*, for all along he had believed *Harrington*'s accusations to be true. Later testimony discloses *Harrington*'s dishonesty in the management of the mine, and then comes the discovery that the dead bandit had been badly wanted by the Mexican government on account of other criminal depredations.

The ending is obvious, of course. Being nature's gentleman and therefore eligible by all the rules of melodrama, *Esmond*'s untutored ways are overlooked by *Dorothy*'s family, but it is to be hoped that he will absorb the interior of a spelling-book and grammar before she intro-



PHOTO BY HALL

Dustin Farnum and May Boland in "The Ranger"

duces her husband to her Eastern friends.

Mr. Dustin Farnum, graduate of "The Virginian" and newest member of Charles Frohman's select school of stars, is at the head of the company. The rôle of the ranger is well enough adapted to his picturesque method of acting, though his performance shows he is gradually becoming a victim to a sinister array of mannerisms. Miss Mary Boland is quite equal to the part of *Dorothy Osgood*. The dozen others in the cast meet the requirements of the play. Still another dozen—Mexicans imported from the Rio Grande—supply more local color than could have been secured from half a hundred paint brushes wielded upon canvas.

Miss Martha Morton's "The Movers," exaggerated as it is and weakened by redundancy, is one of those comedies that make you pause and reflect. Had its author kept to her text and remembered that she is a dramatist, not a preacher,

it might have led you to turn over a new leaf.

In some respects the play is the most ambitious and interesting that the new season has produced. It is surely the most serious, for it aims to expose and correct one of the most prevalent follies in contemporary life. To this extent it is in the same class with those two other dramas of purpose, "The Lion and The Mouse," and "The Man of The Hour." Its theme is the reckless, materialistic spirit of the age, and the tendency of so large a portion of the body politic toward empty pretense and extravagant show.

Toward types of her own sex who waste their husband's incomes in frivolous pursuit of pleasure and despise the normal duties of domestic life Miss Morton is especially severe. She assails them unsparingly and with sincere conviction.

For one act—indeed, almost two acts—a vital, moving drama seems to be before you. Then, when Miss Morton has wheeled her heavy batteries into position, she begins to overshoot her mark. Her story loses plausibility through excess and forfeits interest by repetition. In the end most of its good effect has evaporated.

You doubtless can count among your own friends some of the people she pictures. *Chudleigh Manners*, a young broker, is a victim of Wall Street's financial frenzy. His money-madness communicates itself to his ambitious, reckless wife, *Marion*, herself the eldest daughter of a scheming stock-broker whose whole life has been one of shallow pretense.

Once *Marion* had been loved by a serious-minded, sterling physician, but his devotion to his profession and his knowledge that its income was not sufficient for her fancied needs had caused him to give her up.

Debts pile high on account of the

*Manners'* mode of life. Then comes the crash and their luxurious home and its expensive fittings are sold under the auctioneer's hammer. But the returns of the sale being insufficient to meet the young broker's defalcation, he retires to his dismantled dining-room and blows out his brains just in time to prevent his wife compromising herself with the plotting auctioneer.

*Marion's* younger sister, *Phillipina*, is cast in much the same mould. She, too, is reckless, socially ambitious, and extravagant. Her husband is also a victim of the money-lust of the age. At the auction-sale he has bought the *Manners'* effects and now sets up an establishment on the same pretentious scale.

Meanwhile the widowed *Marion*, with the doctor's help, has seen a great light. Stress of grief has brought the underlying good qualities of her nature to the surface. She has renounced her previous butterfly existence and sought to serve a useful purpose in the world as a trained nurse.

It is when *Marion*, in the modest dove-colored raiment of a visiting nurse, is introduced into the home of her extravagant sister to care for her sick child, that Miss Morton's comedy begins to lose its plausibility and to sacrifice its corrective influence. Her arrival is on the night when the spendthrifts are giving a grand entertainment for a visiting prince, and, of course, they are scandalized that one of their family should so far have forgotten her position in life as to work for wages. Likewise is her rascally old father shocked. He has been living on financial advances from the auctioneer, now a man of fashion and art connoisseur, who is still pursuing and still scheming to entrap *Marion*.

But it develops that the second pair is on the brink of the financial cliffs down which *Marion* and her husband plunged. Through the influence of the nurse they check their mad career in time. In the end they begin life anew on a reduced scale, while *Marion*, now reformed, finds real happiness and contentment as the doctor's wife.

The scenes between the overwrought husband and the highly strung wife amid the extravagances of their new home are exceedingly well managed in the opening act. The auction and the incidents which lead up to the suicide are capitally



PHOTO BY WHITE

Dorothy Donnelly and Vincent Serrano in "The Movers"

devised. But after that the play drifts into melodrama, its action becomes spasmodic, and it is overladen with trivial incident.

Much of the dialogue is significant and bright; some of it is even brilliant. The characters are vividly drawn. To Miss Dorothy Donnelly, as *Marion Manners*, opportunity is given for a number of strong passages of emotional acting. Vincent Serrano gives a high-keyed performance of the husband. W. J. Ferguson as the father, Miss Ida Waterman as the mother, and Joseph Kilgour as the auctioneer also give effective representations of characters. There are a great many more in the cast.

It would be difficult to imagine a better staged play, as far as lavish expenditure in costume and scenery is concerned. It is a great pity that there was no guiding hand at the rehearsals to point out the play's very obvious faults which might have been easily corrected.

Writing from London on the new English plays about to be performed in New York I omitted Mr. Charles Marlowe's farce, "When Knights Were Bold," for I knew its production would take place early in the new season. It came even earlier than I expected, and now, thanks to Mr. Francis Wilson's antics in its title rôle, it is enjoying a fair degree of popularity.

To most playgoers the piece will not have the freshness that Londoners found in it, for its plot is really "The Road to Yesterday" of a year ago reduced to farcical absurdity. Yet there is no reason to suspect that its author poached upon the pretty romantic comedy written by Miss Beulah M. Dix and Miss Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, for both plays were written and produced at exactly the same time.

The amusing adventures it sets forth fall to *Sir Guy de Vere*, a gay London youth who has recently come into his title and the ancestral seat of Beechwood Towers, but who is too fond of the frivolous modern world to observe the dignity and decorum that go with his new responsibilities. In this respect he stands in distinct contrast to *Lady Rowena Eg-*

*ington*, his fiancée, who is of a highly romantic nature and is about to throw him over in favor of *Sir Brian Ballymote*, an Irish adventurer and card-sharp who has been introduced into the house.

The climax to this friction between *Sir Guy* and his lady-love is reached when he takes an overdose of hot whisky toddies to cure a cold, falls into a troubled slumber, and dreams that he is transported back, not to the romantic days of good Queen Bess, as in "The Road to Yesterday," but to the heroic time of Richard the Lionhearted.

The second act pictures *Sir Guy's* dream. In his modern evening-dress and with only one cigaret in his case, he appears on the ramparts of his castle among his Twelfth Century retainers and creates general consternation by his wild anachronisms. All the other modern characters of the first act come forth in the state in which they were supposed to have existed previously. It is soon discovered that they are a cruel and rapacious lot.

*Lady Rowena* is now a nun, and she is beset by *Sir Bryan*, who is translated back into a Celtic bandit. She flies to the castle to claim *Sir Guy's* protection and when *Sir Brian* clamors at the gates, the knight in modern evening-dress goes out to give him battle.

Then follows the most amusing scene of all, when *Sir Guy* bids his retainers buckle on his armor and equip him for the fight. The duel is waged fast and furiously until *Sir Guy*, growing impatient at his encumbrances, sheds his suit of mail, wades in with his fists in modern fashion and soon has his enemy at his mercy.

In the last act the hero, waking from his slumber among modern surroundings, continues to live the mediæval life of his dream. He gradually convinces all the rest that the matter-of-fact ways of the present have advantages over the "good old times." He also shows up the Irish adventurer in his true colors and ends by curing *Lady Rowena* of her romantic notions.

The fun of the little play begins slowly, but when it reaches its height in the second act it is quite as diverting as anything in which Mr. Wilson has appeared



PHOTO BY WHITE

Act III of "The Movers," the new Martha Morton Comedy

since he forsook comic-opera. Moreover, he has surrounded himself this year with a company of considerable capability.

I am constrained to write cautiously of "Classmates." I have no wish to call down upon myself the ire of the whole caramel-consuming contingent. Nor yet am I anxious to incur the scorn of more matter-of-fact frequenters of the theater who prefer real sinews in a play.

"Classmates" has just been produced by Mr. Robert Edeson who, as the Indian college-student in "Strongheart," has been idolized by matinée girls during the last two years. Mr. Edeson is unblushingly out for matinée adulation, so to charge that he is not aware just how insipid "Classmates" is hardly does justice to his business instinct. With him, as with most actors, the box-office is the thing and art, its altruism, and all the other isms may go hang.

So I will indulge in no unkind comment regarding the play which Mr. William C. DeMille and Miss Margaret Turnbull have just written. Instead, I will tell the story of the comedy and let it convict itself, if it will, by its own testimony.

But I will say in favor of the play that it is finely staged and, as far as the masculine part of the cast is concerned, well acted. The picture its third act presents of a trio of West Point chums lost and dying of fever in a Brazilian swamp is a vivid bit of melodramatic realism.

From a case of calf-love that attacks the scions of two Southern families and implicates a proud North Carolinian belle the momentous incidents result. *Duncan Irving* and *Bert Stafford* adore *Sylvia Randolph* with the fiery ardor of two true sons of Dixie. But alas! *Irving* has a drunken father while *Stafford* rejoices in rich and aristocratic parents!

Both boys become cadets at West Point where neither drunken fathers nor blue-blooded families are supposed to count either for or against a youth's true worth. Here the rivalry is resumed with all the virulence of juvenile impetuosity. An entertainment is going on at the "plebe" camp and *Sylvia* is there. So is *Irving's* thirsty father. It is a dastardly but crafty stroke on *Stafford's* part to get the paternal *Irving* silly-drunk and thus heap the very refinement of ignominy upon his son.

Later that same night some hazing takes place in the camp. Such wild infractions of discipline were never dreamed of in the military philosophy of Uncle Sam's select school for embryonic soldiers. It furnishes great fun for the matinée girls, and on the stage it serves the dramatic purpose of bringing the rivals together.

Biff! *Stafford* gets a smash in the eye from the stalwart *Irving* that lays him out at full length on the ground. The blow temporarily injures his eyesight and with his assailant he is put out of the service.

At a subsequent time *Stafford* becomes an engineer in South America, and word comes back that he is lost in the Brazilian morasses. *Sylvia* still pours the vials of her hate upon the other youth, who pursues his quest for her heart with the same old ardor. What he sees in her to admire or even to respect is quite beyond comprehension, for it would be hard to imagine a more disagreeable little cat.

Knowing that she is desperately in love with the lost cad and intends to marry him if he returns *Irving* gathers his expelled West Point friends, organizes a relief expedition, and sets forth to rescue him. He carries away with him a benediction of new abuse from the object of his unreciprocated devotion. This leads up, of course, to the lively melodramatic episode of the third act to which I have referred.

*Stafford*, ragged, unkempt, starving, and delirious with fever is now wandering in the wilderness and about to give up all hope. Soon *Irving* and his two chums appear. They, too, are lost and without food and with only one swallow of brandy left. At last they stumble across the dying object of their search. There is a fierce wrangle for the life-giving liquor, but it is poured down the perishing cad's throat.

With *Stafford's* partial revival all his hatred for his old enemy returns and the feud of the first act is taken up again. But his rescuer's magnanimity finally touches his heart just as unexpected relief comes up in the form of a searching party.

In the last scene virtue gets its reward. *Stafford* confesses his treachery and bestows *Sylvia* upon his old enemy to whom he owes his life. A magnanimous government restores the army commissions and general peace reigns.

Next to Mr. Edeson as *Irving* the best acting is done by Mr. Wallace Eddinger as *Stafford*. Mr. Frank McIntyre, who is rapidly coming to the front in the portraiture of comic-characters, supplies the only humorous relief as *Bubby Dimble*, a fat, jolly cadet. Mr. Edeson takes good

care that he, himself, shall be the whole show, for none of the women in his company are worth considering.

Mr. John Drew has found a satisfactory medium for a display of his abilities as a light comedian in Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of "My Wife," as I predicted after seeing Gavault and Charney's brightly written and neatly adjusted farce acted in London. But I would not be keeping faith with readers of these sketches of stage happenings if I did not add that the play suffers severely at the hands of its present American cast.

The fault does not lie with the star. Mr. Drew's performance of *Gerald Eversleigh*, the middle-aged bachelor, is easy and graceful—a reminder of the days, now long past, when he played similar characters at Daly's Theater. Others in his company miss the spirit of the farce entirely. The leading offenders in this respect are Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk who turns that amusing and amiable silly-ass, the *Hon. "Gibby" Gore*, into an impudent British bounder, and Mr. Morton Selten, who might as well try to act an Aztec as the excitable French father, *M. Dupré*. There are three or four other actors who also keep off the key.

Mr. Drew's new leading actress, Miss Billie Burke, will excite great competition among the photographers but her talents will not set fire to the waters adjacent to Manhattan. She is a graduate from English musical comedy, and all its artificiality and sophistication still cling to her. She may develop into an actress, but just now she shows no special aptitude for her work.

These flaws naturally have a bad effect upon "My Wife," but the little play is so brightly written and Mr. Drew dominates it so thoroughly that there is no doubt it will have a popular success. Furthermore, it is staged with all the good taste and beauty that have long been matters of course at the Empire Theater.